

# The Bismarck Tribune.

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NO. 12.

## THE CRISIS PASSED.

**The President Asks for Nourishment and Partakes of Koumiss and Gruel which is Retained.**

**The Announcement of the Swelling of one of the Glands of the Neck Causes Excitement.**

**The Public and Physicians Pronounce it a Symptom of Fever and Blood Poisoning.**

**Dr. Agnew Leaves for Philadelphia, Which Fact Restores Confidence—Sleeping Quietly.**

**Everybody Hopeful, and the Question of Ultimate Recovery Believed to be Settled.**

### Review of the Day.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, 10.30 p. m.—This is generally conceded at the Executive Mansion to have been the most favorable day since the President's relapse. Dr. Agnew's departure for Philadelphia proved to be a signal for a decidedly better feeling in all quarters, and convinced many of the doubtful ones that the case was progressing satisfactorily. Previous to leaving, while at the house, the Dr. assured Mrs. Garfield that he did not consider his presence necessary, as everything was going as well as possible. This acknowledgement from the consulting surgeon was looked upon as an extremely favorable indication, and all who have heard it, experienced a renewal of hope and declared the situation as being better than was to have been expected 24 hours earlier. He has been improving ever since the first teaspoonful of nourishment was taken. This fact was proven by his firmer pulse. Before the noon bulletin was issued he had partaken of Koumiss on four different occasions, and expressed a desire for more. Of course the nourishment was administered in small quantities. Previous to administering the first quantity of koumiss Mrs. Garfield was sitting by his bedside, when he expressed himself as

FEELING COMPARATIVELY WELL, and enquired if it was not desirable to strengthen his stomach by permitting him to have nourishment. He expressed a desire for koumiss, whereupon his wife gave him the first portion. The fact of his having suggested the administration of nourishment is considered by the surgeons as an indication that the irritability of the stomach is subsiding, and that in consequence he commences to crave food. Considerable anxiety was exhibited about 12.30 on account of a slight delay in the noon bulletin. When it was read in private secretary Brown's room at 1.15 it did not allay the anxiety because of the announcement it contained in reference to the inflammation of the parotid gland, and until the assurances of the consulting and attending surgeons were obtained, to the contrary, great apprehension was felt, for fear new and serious complications had been encountered. Dr. Hamilton was the first of the surgeons applied to for information regarding the inflammation of the gland, but beyond the statement that it was nothing of a serious nature he declined to talk. He intimated that he could not explain the affection to non-professionals in the brief time that he had at his disposal and left with the remark that it was nothing to cause remark. When Dr. Bliss left the Mansion at 12.30 p. m., he was met at the front entrance by several members of the press. His attention was called to various rumors which had been circulated since

THE MIDDAY BULLETIN was issued, in connection with inflammation of the parotid glands. These rumors were to the effect that it was indication of pyæmia, low fever and other complications of a more or less serious nature, and that mortification had set in. The Dr. said it was very curious to him that in view of the fact that pyæmia was such a specific disease that some people should insist that the President has it, while the attending surgeons have thus far been unable to discover any indication of it. Whatever this inflammation may indicate, the Dr. continued, it is nothing unusual in cases where the patient has become debilitated. I have seen it many times in cases of gun shot wounds.

"Then it is not an indication of py-

mea?"

"Oh! no!"

"Is it an indication of a fever, typhoid, or otherwise?"

"Not at all! It is an affection which need not

CAUSE THE SLIGHTEST ALARM.

The doctor with this remark got into his carriage and drove off. The assurances of the attending surgeons were placed on the newspaper bulletin boards throughout the city, and carried by one person to another to such an extent during the early afternoon that the extreme anxiety occasioned by the announcement of the fact was diminished very considerably before night.

Gen. Swain says inasmuch as the President has retained the koumiss he has taken to-day that his stomach is proven to be gradually strengthening. This being the case in his opinion

THE CRISIS IS PAST,

and he will continue to improve.

Early in the evening Dr. Reyburn was asked his opinion of the President's case, and answered:

"He is doing very well."

"Does he experience much inconvenience from the inflammation referred to in the evening bulletin?"

"He has considerable pain in his neck which is the result of the inflamed gland."

"Well, doctor, what is the cause of this inflammation; how do you account for it? Is it the result of an extreme debility, do not similar symptoms manifest themselves in typhoid fever?"

"Yes, but the inflammation of the parotid gland also frequently occurs in cases where the patients are in a state of excessive debility from other causes."

"Has the President taken any nourishment at all during the day?"

"Yes, he has been taking koumiss in small quantities all day."

"Has he experienced any trouble in retaining it?"

"None whatever. He has retained it all."

"Do you think him better to-day than yesterday?"

"He is as well as he could reasonably expect. I think he is getting along nicely."

At the time of this interview, and previous to the issuance of the evening bulletin, the patient's pulse although not taken accurately, was not thought to be any higher than when the noon bulletin was issued, namely 108. After the evening bulletin came out there was a perceptible

FEELING OF GRATIFICATION among those who came to the Executive Mansion. Dr. Reyburn when asked what he thought of the increased temperature, said, "It cannot be considered an unfavorable indication as it shows that he has considerable vitality left."

"On the whole, Dr., you consider him better to-day than yesterday?"

"Yes, he is better to-day."

"Do you still keep up enemata?"

"Oh, yes! We will not discontinue enemata yet awhile."

"Has he taken anything beside koumiss to-day?"

"Yes. He swallowed two tablespoonfuls of gruel which was prepared by Mrs. Garfield."

"Did he retain it all?"

"Every bit of it."

Dr. Boynton, who remained in Secretary Brown's room a short time this evening, was asked how he accounted for the inflammation of the parotid gland. He said: "I think it is septicaemia. It certainly is not pyæmia." During the course of a further conversation the doctor explained his views of septicaemia, which was, in substance, that it was caused in this case by the condition of the patient's blood. According to his theory, the same affection is liable to occur in any case of diphtheria typhoid or scarlet fever, and in fact any disease which renders the blood unhealthy.

The latest information received from the private parts of the mansion indicates that the surgeons are hopeful that he will pass a comparatively comfortable night. He was resting quietly at eleven p. m., and though he had taken considerable nourishment to-night, there has been no return of the nausea.

### Worth Living For.

It is said that when Mrs. Garfield had one day been reading an account of the intense excitement and public indignation all over the country at the fiendish attempt at assassination, the President reached out his hand to her, and said, "It is a people worth dying for, isn't it?" "No," she replied, "but it is a people worth living for." The American people are truly a people worth living for. James A. Garfield, as a citizen, was no more to the people than thousands of others, but as President of the United States, he was their representative head, and the blow aimed at his life was also aimed at the heart of the nation.

## ASSASSINS ASSAULT.

**Warden Crocker Admits that he Lied, and That Guiteau Did Have Possession of a Knife.**

**And With it Made a Fierce and Dastardly Assault Upon One of the Prison Guards.**

**The Knife Made from a Corset Steel and How Possession of it Was Obtained.**

**Guiteau Believed the President Dead, and the Guard the Leader of a Mob.**

**How He Passes the Time in His Cell In Writing a Lengthy History Of His Life.**

### Guiteau's Assault.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—Warden Crocker now admits that Guiteau did have a knife and used it in his assault upon guard McGill, on Thursday. Crocker says he had not thoroughly investigated the matter when he denied it, but the belief is that the denial was intended to suppress the truth, because it was a reflection upon the manner in which Guiteau is guarded to let him get a knife. The weapon used by Guiteau turns out not to have been made from a shoe shank, but was merely a piece of corset steel about four inches long and two and a half inches wide, with a handle made of paper wrapped with a common string. It has

### ONE EDGE QUITE SHARP.

In fact it was as McGill says, as sharp as a razor, as it cut entirely through his coat and vest and nearly into the flesh. The assault on the guard is regarded as indicating a desperation on his part that would impel him to do much harm if he got a chance. The Warden thinks that the weapon got into Guiteau's cell from another cell, as about the first of each month the prison beds are taken out and cleaned. Crocker thinks that in returning them the cot from some other cell in which

### THE KNIFE WAS CONCEALED

was put in Guiteau's cell instead of the cot he formerly had. But this theory hardly looks plausible, as in washing and steaming the cots it would appear that anything concealed in them must have been discovered. The accepted theory is that Bedford, the colored man who was hung for the murder of Smith, left the knife in his cell, and that Guiteau found it. Gen. Crocker is of the opinion that Guiteau's restlessness the night before the attack was occasioned by a conviction that the President was dead. Even before the appearance of additional soldiers at the jail Guiteau manifested the

### MOST INTENSE UNEASINESS.

When the soldiers moved he would go every five or ten minutes to his window and look out at their movements. McGill, who has been seen but little by Guiteau, in making his rounds started the wretch, and he thinking an attack to be made upon him by a mob, resolved to fight. It is McGill's custom at 8 o'clock to go through all the corridors of the jail and see that the prisoners are not engaged in mischief. This he did early yesterday morning, and finding Guiteau sitting on the side of his bed, and thinking something wrong in his movements, spoke sharply to him and asked him what he was doing. This aroused the prisoner, and

### JUMPING TO HIS FEET

he rushed spasmodically at the jailer. When questioned as to why he attacked the guard Guiteau said he had no business in his cell at that hour of the morning and that he only intended to put him out. Guiteau is even more fond of writing now than when first put in jail. He frequently asks the warden for pens and paper and while away the time in writing letters. These letters are taken in charge by the warden, and for the most part they

### TREAT OF THE ASSASSINATION

In nearly every one of them he says he believed when he shot the President he was simply carrying out God's will. The tone of some of the letters would indicate that he thought the President was dead. Guiteau is still writing his life, which he says will make a book of about 500 pages. The episode of yesterday morning seemed to

have not interfered greatly with his work.

### An Inflamed Gland.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, 4.50 p. m.—The President is quiet and with the exception of experiencing considerable pain from the inflammation of a parotid gland is quite comfortable. He has taken Koumiss at intervals all day, and has retained it. It is generally maintained by the surgeons that the inflammation of the gland is not an alarming feature.

### Fire and Robbery.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 18.—F. H. Stokes' spoke and stove factory at Howard City, Mich., burned last night. Loss, \$4,000. Uninsured. The citizens have already subscribed \$700 toward rebuilding.

R. Elliot's store at Osseo, this state, was robbed last night of \$800.

### Crushed by Cars.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 18.—Edward Fitzgerald of the Anchor Line Propeller, of which his brother is captain, was found this afternoon near the dock on the railroad track crushed by cars.

### The Latest.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Aug. 18.—1.45 a. m.—At this hour everything is quiet in the sick room. The doctors are dozing in an adjoining room.

Yesterday's Base Ball Games.

At Worcester—Worcesters, 8; Providence, 8.

### Damage Suit vs. the North Pacific

DULUTH, Aug. 18.—The shipment by the North Pacific railroad aggregated 105 cars, of which fifty-one were of coal, twenty of lumber and twenty-one of railway material.

It is said that the captains of two of the vessels in the Worthington fleet are about to sue the North Pacific company to recover damages for the delay experienced in unloading. One captain presents a claim of \$1,000, being \$200 per day for five days. The other's claim is \$90 per day. The delay, however, was unavoidable. So greatly has the business of this port increased this year that, notwithstanding our enlarged facilities, they are found to be utterly inadequate to the demands made upon them.

### PURELY PERSONAL.

W. B. Bell, cashier of the Bank of Bismarck, is east for a short time.

Geo. J. Douglass and Dan. Todd, of Fort Yates, came up yesterday.

Mrs. Judge Bagg and daughter, of Waterloo, Iowa, arrived on the steamer Butte.

Lambert Tree and wife and Arthur Tree, of Chicago, arrived at the Sheridan last evening.

C. W. Darling, one of the Fargo boomers, of whom the Argus has so much to say, came in last evening to see the western metropolis.

Lieutenant H. H. Adams, Eighteenth infantry, accompanied by his family came down from Assinaboine yesterday en route to Washington.

Mrs. E. A. Henderson and Mrs. B. L. Crosby returned yesterday from Fort Yates where they have been visiting during the past three weeks.

### The Great Trotter.

[Chicago Times.]

Maud S's performances during three years may be summed up as follows: A private trial of 2 1/7 3/4 as a four-year-old; 2:13 1/4 over the Chicago track as a six-year-old, against Trinket and So-So, then and now the best trotting performance in a race against other horses; 2:11 1/4 the same year in a time trial with St. Julien at Rochester, in which St. Julien made precisely the same time, but which he lowered a quarter of a second at Hartford; and has been unable to beat it since; 2:10 3/4 at Chicago the same season; 2:10 1/4 at Pittsburg in June of this year; 2:10 3/4 at Buffalo; 2:10 1/4 on yesterday at Rochester, the scene of her contest a year ago; 2:11 1/2, 2:11 at Chicago; 2:12, 2:13 1/4, 2:12 1/2 at Philadelphia. In short, she has put to her credit in three years the best heat as a four-year-old; the best heat as a six-year-old; five heats faster than any other horse ever trotted or paced, one of them was six years old; the fastest heat in a race with other horses; the fastest first, second and third heats; the fastest two consecutive heats, and the fastest three consecutive heats. Nothing more is needed to demonstrate her superiority in point of speed and stay combined over any animal, living or dead; but the public has set its heart on her beating 2:10, and until she does it the public's cap will not be thrown up.

## TRIBUNE SPECIALS.

**Ex-Governor Miller, of Minnesota, Dies at His Home at Worthington Last Night.**

**The New Shops of the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Road to be Located at Minneapolis.**

**That Enterprising City Thereby Expects to Add 7,000 Names to its Next Census List.**

**Ex-Governor Miller Dying.** MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 18.—A dispatch from Worthington says that ex-Governor Miller is very feeble. Gangrene has set in, and his death is hourly expected.

### LATER.

Gov. Miller died to-night at eleven o'clock. He has been sick for some time. He was struck with paralysis about two months ago and never recovered. A few days ago gangrene set in and he has since rapidly failed. He was Governor of Minnesota from 1863 to 1865.

### Another Minneapolis Boom.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 18.—General Manager Merrill to-day authorizes the announcement that he has decided to locate the new shops of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad at Minneapolis. They will be built this fall, and when completed will employ from 1,000 to 1,500 hands, adding to the population of the city from 5,000 to 7,000 persons. It is a big thing and Minneapolis is happy.

### Plain Facts.

Mr. Josslyn, for twenty-five years, a railroad man, had to resign on account of his health, and now finds pleasure and profit in introducing to the public the merits of a book entitled "Plain Facts for Old and Young," by J. H. Kellogg, M. D. The book treats in an able and scientific manner of "Sex in Living Form," "The Sexual Relations," "Chastity," "Continence," "Marital Excesses," and other kindred subjects, and is a volume that should not only be read but carefully studied. Mr. Josslyn will commence to-day to introduce the book to the citizens of Bismarck, and as he represents a meritorious work, he should meet with success.

### Another Railroad for Bismarck.

Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 16.—The Tribune's Milwaukee special says: The engineering corps engaged by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul company to establish a route between Aberdeen and Bismarck has just arrived, having almost completed the preliminary survey. In an interview the chief of the party said the route is somewhat impracticable, as along the projected line the soil is generally impregnated with alkali. There is nothing in it, however, which will make necessary the abandonment of the project, and it is believed the road will be built without unnecessary delay.

### Spiritualism Exposed.

Prof. A. A. Cecil, the world's greatest spiritualistic exposé, will give his marvelous and mirth provoking entertainment at Whitney's Opera House on Monday evening, Aug. 22. The following is from the Chicago Inter Ocean, which speaks for itself. "The entertainment given by Prof. Cecil last evening was largely attended by the elite of the city, the theater being filled to its utmost capacity. For two hours the professor kept his audience in alternate awe and laughter. The entertainment was the best thing of the kind ever given in the city." Reserved seats at Holmback's.

### Territorial Talk.

The Baptist society at Sioux Falls has had a ruction with its pastor, Rev. H. E. Norton, and he has resigned.

Miss Cleveland, by her temperance labors in the Black Hills, secured the conversion of 435 of the worst toppers. She also succeeded in organizing a Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Deadwood.

Anderson Bros. secured the contract for building the deaf mute institution at Yankton. They will put up the structure complete for \$2,500.

Since the excitement over the stampede to the new carbonate camp in the Hills has somewhat abated, the discovery has been made that there is no wagon road to the new camp, and they now talk of building one in from Deadwood.



CAREFUL estimates place the wheat crop of Minnesota for 1881 at 35,000,000 bushels against 39,000,000 of last year, but it is probable that advices from the threshers will make a still greater reduction.

THE majority against prohibition in North Carolina is set down at from sixty to seventy thousand. The whites were divided, and the negroes voted solidly against it. All the preachers in the state entered vigorously into the canvass and traveled about making speeches.

REPORTS from England are to the effect that the wheat crop will be 24,000,000 bushels in excess of the short crop of last year. There is also a material gain in France. The Russian harvest is said to be the best known in years. Our own agricultural department reports a great shortage on wheat, but figures thus far are merely conjectural.

VENNOR says we may expect a great change in the weather about the time the new comet is in perihelion. This will occur on the 20th of the present month. From the 15th to the 20th, instead of being burnt up as many expect, we shall be nearly frozen by frosts and strong, cold northerly winds. Here will be a fair test of Vennor's prospective soul. The predictions of this year have thus far proved tolerably accurate, and all competitors in that line have subsided.

AT the annual meeting of the American Banker's association at Niagara Falls, papers were read on government finance by Secretary Windom; and on banking and currency by John J. Knox. Mr. Windom's paper shows that the annual saving in interest in his refunding operations thus far will amount to \$10,500,000 in round numbers. After October 1, when the present refunding scheme will have been completed, another saving of nearly \$5,000,000 will have been made, a total reduction of interest charges in seven months of \$15,370,085.

A LETTER in the Toronto Globe from the Pacific coast states that the entire freight business of the city of Portland, Oregon, is controlled down to its smallest details by the Oregon Transportation company, which not only owns the lines of railway and steamboats centering in the city, but even the horses, drays and other vehicles, and can impose what tribute they please upon commerce. The moral of these facts, according to the Globe, will be appreciated in the Canadian northwest, which is fast passing under the control of the syndicate engaged in the construction of the Canadian Pacific.

THE provision of the constitution declaring that in case of the removal of the president from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the duties of the said office, the same shall devolve upon the vice president, has been the subject of much public and private discussion of late, but the weight of opinion is decidedly against notion that anything in the present condition of President Garfield creates the disability provided for by the constitution. Some of the indiscreet friends of the vice president manifest an impatience in this matter that is anything but creditable to them, while it is extremely offensive to a vast majority of the American people.

THE failure of the south to turn the tide of emigration from the west to that section, is accounted for on the ground that the movement of the people is always upon isothermal lines—never across them. The Europeans who would naturally seek the south are the Spanish, Italians and Southern French, and it is just these people that the south do not want. Their efforts to induce settlement from Sweden, Norway, Germany, and the Netherlands will fail because natural causes are against them. Of the foreign population in this country, only about one in sixty is out of the isotherm of the place of his birth, and it is as much an impossibility to change this fixed law in man as it is in plants.

THE New York Tribune says the trunk line railroad managers seem to act, in the warfare they are waging against each other, as if they wanted interference by the state or national government with the operation of their roads; that they barely escaped during the last session the passage of a law placing them under control of a commission in New York; and that they must expect an overhauling by congress if the trunk line fight shall long continue. Congress is not likely to interfere while the rates are as low as they are at present. It is only when the roads, for the purpose of making up this summer's losses, band together and put the rates up beyond a reasonable figure, as they have done in years past, that congress or state legislatures will interfere on behalf of the people.

HON. SAMUEL F. MILLER, justice of the United States supreme court, hails from Iowa, but is a native Kentuckian, where he practiced medicine. He was an active whig politician, and there is a story that he made so good an impression as a debater upon John J. Crittenden, that the old statesman advised him to study law, remarking as he did so, "if you do I shall expect to see you on the supreme bench of the United States before I die." Young Miller took the advice, went to Iowa, rose to the head of the bar of the northwest, and, in 1863, walked into Mr. Crittenden's room with his commission as one of the justices.

He is a bold thinker, original and resolute, and of decided opinions, but a more temperate, kindly and sincere man does not sit upon our great bench.

# GARFIELD'S CRITICAL CONDITION.

A Victim to Deadly Dyspepsia—Hope of His Recovery Almost Entirely Departed.

Sunday night the president was very restless, and he vomited several times, while under the influence of powerful opiates. On Monday morning his pulse was 118, notwithstanding the cool weather. Then it transpired that a mixture had been made of whisky, the yolk of an egg, beef essence and milk and injected into the intestines, to be taken up by absorption through the membranes of the bowels. The doctors said that nothing had been taken into the stomach save medicine. The country was greatly alarmed at these accounts and still more Monday evening when his pulse was 130. The doctors said that it was a violent dyspeptic attack and that his condition was critical. The members of the cabinet were called in and remained at the White House all night. Tuesday morning he was a little better.

On Tuesday the case of the president was reported as almost hopeless. His nausea continued and he could retain but little food on his stomach, nourishment being administered almost wholly by injections. Lack of sufficient nourishment was considered the most serious phase of his case. He lingered without material change during Tuesday night.

The country was intensely excited by expectations of an announcement of the president's death.

## SPOTTED TAIL.

Official Account of the Murder of Spotted Tail at Rosebud Agency, on the Eve of His Departure for Washington.

About noon of the 5th inst., Spotted Tail reported at the agent's office to receive instructions regarding his visit to Washington, he having been selected as one of the representatives of the Sioux nation at the coming conference at the national capital. He was urged to start at once, as a letter from the Indian office directed him to report to Agent Andrus, Yankton agency, no later than the 8th inst., as the delegation from Pine Ridge agency was to reach Rosebud on the evening of the 5th. Spotted Tail concluded to wait till the next morning and go with the Red Cloud delegation to the Yankton agency. This arrangement having been concluded, Spotted Tail decided to have a talk with his people that afternoon and receive an expression of their views on subjects to come before the conference. Bidding Lelar, the agent, goodbye, saying he would call at the office in the evening to receive any further instructions which might occur to that gentleman, he left for the Indian village to confer with his people.

An interview was held with the Indians. They had a big talk and feast, and when the council broke up he mounted his horse and started homeward. The Indians were scattering in different directions, with the noted chief somewhat in advance of the others, he being the first out of the lodge. After leaving the council lodge, Crow Dog was seen approaching him. He had his wife with him. He got out of his wagon and was stooping down when Spotted Tail rode up to him. He suddenly rose and shot Spotted Tail through the left breast. The chief fell from his horse, but rose to his feet and made three or four steps toward Crow Dog, endeavoring to draw his revolver. He then reeled and fell backward, dead. Crow Dog jumped in his wagon and drove off at full speed towards his camp, some nine miles distant. The acting agent at once issued orders for the arrest of Crow Dog under a paragraph in the treaty of 1868, which renders him amenable to the white man's law. In compliance with these, Indian police accomplished the arrest of Crow Dog, and he was sent to Fort Niobrara to await trial for murder.

## A COLORADO STORM-BURST.

The following is a brief description of a fearful flood a few days ago at Central City, Gilpin county, Colorado:

A heavy storm cloud approached, accompanied by incessant thunder and lightning, about 4 o'clock. The citizens at once fled to such places of security as could be found. An almost unearthly roar began to sound in the west, and almost instantly a volume of water between four and six feet came rushing down Eureka and Nevada streets, taking every body by surprise. Heavy teams standing in the street were overturned and carried down stream. Rocks weighing 600 pounds were rolled along like pebbles. Animals and every thing in the track of the flood were swept away. In a short time the streets were cleared of people every body seeking shelter. During the flood large masses of debris were carried through the street at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The whole length of the valley from Nevada on one side and the head of Eureka on the other, presents to-night the most desolate scene imaginable. Roadways are destroyed in many places, cuts being five or six feet deep and extending hundreds of yards. The entire length for about three miles is strewn with debris of every kind. At several points between Central and Blackhawk debris is piled twenty-five feet high. Eureka street for a quarter of a mile is one mass of rocks and rubbish. On Main street four feet of sand is deposited. The flood was caused by the bursting of a rain cloud a little way west of the city. The natural channel of the stream became dammed, turning the water into the streets.

## The Great Heresy Case in Chicago.

The charges presented against Rev. Dr. Thomas, late pastor of Centenary Methodist church, by the Rev. S. A. W. Jewett and the Rev. R. M. Hatfield, the committee appointed by the Rock river conference for that purpose, says the Chicago Tribune, consists of his denial of the doctrines of inspiration and the atonement, as taught by the church, and his promulgation of the doctrine of probation after death for those who die in sin. To these allegations of doctrinal wanderings the full charges and specifications add something in the nature of a bill of particulars, by pointing out, through references to the canons of the church, the precise infraction of the several doctrines with which the reverend doctor is charged, and the time, place and other circumstances surrounding the alleged di-

gression from the path of doctrinal rectitude.

The gist of the defense is that his work of twenty-five years is a sufficient record that all his sympathies have been and are in accord with the church, and that he has ever wrought for her advancement.

That he has not gone beyond reasonable bonds of belief, certainly not so far as Bishop Foster in denying the resurrection of the body, or Raymond in other matters.

That his views were not made for the purpose of dissension.

It will be claimed that the defendant believes in the atonement, but differs in his method of construing the meaning of the term, as he claims to have a right to do.

He will claim a belief in future punishment reserving the right to regard that punishment as something different from a literal lake of fire and brimstone.

These points really cover the ground involved.

## A STUDY OF HUSBANDS.

By a Woman for Women, But Men May Read It With Profit. From the San Francisco Argonaut.

We hear much about the art of winning a husband. Let us take a step further and make a study out of keeping a husband. If he is worth winning he is worth keeping.

This is a wicked world and a man is dreadfully mortal. Let us take him just as he is, not as he ought to be. In the first place he is very weak. The wife must spend the first two years in discovering all these weaknesses, count them on her fingers and learn them by heart. The fingers of both hands will not be to many. Then let her study up these weaknesses, with a mesh for every one, and the secret is here. Is he fond of a good dinner? Let her tighten the mesh around him with fragrant coffees, light bread and good things generally, and reach his heart through his stomach. Is he fond of flattery about his looks? Let her study the dictionary for sweet words, if her supply give out. Does he like to hear her talk about his brilliant intellect? Let her pore over the encyclopedia to give variety to the depth of her admiration.

Flattery is a good thing to study up at all hazards, in its delicate shades, but it must be skillfully done. The harpy who may try to coax him away will not do it absurdly. Is he fond of beauty? Here's the rub—let her be bright and tidy; that's half the victory. Next, let her bang her hair metaphorically and keep up with the times.

A husband who sees his wife look like other people is not going to consider her "broken down." Though it is a common sneer that a woman has admitted that her sex consider more, in marrying, the tastes of her friends than her own, yet it must be considered ludicrous that a man looks at his wife with the same eyes that other people do. Is he fond of literary matter? Listen to him with wide open eyes when he talks of them. A man doesn't so much care for a literary wife if she will only be literary enough to appreciate him. If she has literary inclinations let her keep them to herself. Men love to be big and great to their wives. That's the reason why a helpless little woman can marry three times to a sensible, self reliant woman's none. Cultivate helplessness. Is he curious? Oh, then you have a treasure; you can always keep him if you have a secret and only keep it carefully. Is he jealous? Then, woman, this is not for you; cease reading; cease torturing that fretted heart which wants you for his own, and teach him confidence. Is he ugly in his temper and fault finding? Give him a dose of his own medicine, skillfully done. Is he deceitful? Pity him for his weakness, treat him as one born with a physical defect, but put your wits to work—it is a bad case.

It is well not to be too tame. Men don't waste their powder and shot on hens and barn yard fowls; they like the pleasure of pursuing wild game—quail and grouse and deer. A quail is a good model for a wife—neat and trim, with a pretty swift way about it, and just a little capricious. Never let yourself become an old story; be just a little uncertain. Another important fact is, don't be too good; it hurts his feelings and becomes monotonous. Cultivate a pleasant voice, so that this very mortal man may have his conscience prick him when he is in jeopardy; its pleasant ring will haunt him much more than would a shrill one. It is hard to do all this, besides taking care of the babies and looking after vexatious household cares, and smiling when he comes home, but it seems necessary. "To be born a woman is to be born a martyr," says a husband who for ten years has watched in amazement his wife treading the winepress of existence. It is a pitiful sight to some men. But if the wife does not make a study of these things, the harpy will, to steal away the honor from his silver hairs when he is full of years and the father of sons and daughters. At the same time, gudewife, keep from trying, any of these things on any other mortal man but your own. These rules are only evolved to order, to "keep a husband." The poor, weak creature would rather be good than bad, and it is a woman's duty to hold him by every means in her power.

## Seaside Gossip.

Old Mrs. Dragon and Mrs. Harrihan sat together on the piazza of a Long Branch hotel last night, engaged in earnest conversation. "Oh, yes," went on Mrs. Dragon, "I knew those Smiths ten years ago; they lived over a shoeshop on Chestnut street, and they had an uncle in jail for robbing a bank." "And those Joneses," put in Mrs. Harrihan, "why they're nobody. See her over there with that brocade silk. I wonder if she remembers when she wore calico and taught school in Ohio." "Didn't her husband have some fuss?" asked Mrs. D. "Why, of course he did," promptly responded Mrs. H.; "he sold army caps that the men could not wear, and the government looked him up." "Oh, yes," joyfully exclaimed Mrs. D., "I remember perfectly; and then, you know, Mrs. Jones' sister ran off with a car driver and died in Rome." "Why of course; I'd almost forgotten that," continues Mrs. H., "and then there's the—! why I do declare, that's the third new dress Miss Wriggle has had on this week!"

## Bits of Fun.

No room was ever made large enough to hold both a fat man and a mosquito. Hoop skirts are to be revived and there is a great deal of bustle in the feminine world.—New Haven Register.

A tramp out west always gives his name Murder, and no justice has been found who would commit him.

# THE DAY'S DOINGS.

Condensed from the Most Reliable Telegraphic Dispatches up to the Time of Going to Press with this Side of our Paper.

## RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

Articles of incorporation of the Lake Superior and Dakota Railway company have been filed in the office of the secretary of State of Minnesota. The purpose is avowed as the construction of an as nearly direct as possible line of railway from Duluth to a point on the Red river of the North, north of the eleventh standard parallel with a branch line to the boundary between Wisconsin and Minnesota. The capital stock is fixed at \$5,000,000 and the names of the incorporators are I. Harbaugh, C. E. Davis, J. A. Stewart and C. W. McIntyre, St. Paul, R. Fairweather, William Anglin and Frank Ives, Crookston, and M. Graver and Charles Lockhart, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad company have placed on file in the office of the county register of Olmsted county a mortgage to the Farmer's Loan & Trust company of New York city, mortgaging all their railroads in Minnesota and Wisconsin, to secure money to build a railroad from Austin, through Rochester and Wabasha to Eau Claire, Wis. All they ask as bonus is the right of way through the section of country they pass through. The Farmer's Loan and Trust company are to loan them \$20,000 per mile for building the road, and \$250,000 for building a bridge across the river at Wabasha.

Persons who have just arrived from Grand Valley, Manitoba, report that the tent of the Canadian Pacific grading parties was struck by lightning, recently last. When the squall struck it two men went outside to cling to the pole, while the others waited inside. The two men had not been out long when the lightning struck the center pole, killing them instantly, and, as was at first supposed, killing one man inside, besides stunning three others. The three first mentioned were laid out in a stable near by for burial next day.

W. D. Washburn, of the Minneapolis and St. Louis road, states in an interview that the company, of which he is a leading stockholder and director, had just concluded to place \$2,000,000 of its common and preferred stock upon the New York stock exchange, and probably a much larger amount would be placed upon the market later. There is also some talk at present of placing a portion of the common or preferred stock upon the Boston market.

George Griffin (black) was hanged at Birmingham, Ala., for rape; also B. Bird (black) at Jacksonville, Florida, for murder. A short time ago Bird made a confession of this crime, but on the gallows asserted his innocence. When the drop was sprung the noose slipped and Bird fell to the ground. He arose, assisted by the sheriff, again stood on the gallows and the rope being this time properly adjusted, was hanged.

It is rumored that Mr. A. A. Hobart, formerly superintendent of the Chicago & North-western, and more lately superintendent of the Boston & Lowell, is to assume an important position on another road, with headquarters in St. Paul.

## OUR CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

Dr. J. W. Cornelius, a dentist of Madison, Wis., and alderman of the Fifth ward, was arrested, and a complaint of H. J. Kromke, charging him with larceny of articles from Wilson & Aleman's drug store. The druggists detected Cornelius some time ago, and on sending him bills of articles stolen, he confessed and paid it.

A case of piracy which came abruptly to grief is reported from Boston. The bark Western Sea was stolen, but was so badly manned that she sought refuge at Machias to keep from making deep sea soundings, and the aquatic larcenists are now at anchor in the Machias jail.

New Haven, Conn., is excited over the discovery of the probable murder of a girl named Jennie Cramer. Two young men named Malley are suspected of the crime, and a girl named Blanche Douglass has been arrested for perjury at the inquest.

Blanche Douglass, the New York witness at the inquest on the Cramer girl, in New Haven, is said to be offered \$10,000 to go to Europe—by friends of Walter Malley who is suspected of the murder.

From all the reports received of the shooting of Spotted Tail by Crow Dog, the case seems to be one of wanton murder. Deep-seated jealousy was doubtless the only provocation.

At San Antonio, Texas, Saturday, L. C. Pomerooy alias Charles L. Royal was arrested charged with stealing a valuable letter while he was postmaster at Hebron, Ind.

On Sunday night an attempt was made to rob the house of N. W. Kittson in St. Paul. The robbers were scared away and one severely wounded, but both escaped.

The assassination of Spotted Tail now turns out to have been the culmination of a base conspiracy to make Black Crow chief of the Sioux.

Nine dwelling houses were burglarized in one night at Des Moines.

## WEEKLY RECORD OF CASUALTIES.

On Friday evening the Atlantic flouring mills, at Main and Plum streets, St. Louis, of which George Bain, president of the national millers' association, is president and manager, was struck by lightning and is now a mass of ruins. Scarcely a brick or stone of the splendid structure remains. An explosion seems to have instantly followed the stroke of lightning. Nearly all of the upper part of the mill burst open and its walls cracked from top to bottom. The bolt has scarcely touched the building when fire issued as by magic from every part, and in half an hour the mill and its entire contents was completely destroyed. Loss \$140,000.

A very distressing accident from the inexperienced handling of firearms is reported from Hudson. James, the nineteen-year-old son of P. W. Oakley of that city, in some mysterious way discharged a shot gun charged with buckshot full in the left eye, literally tearing his head into fragments. The accident was witnessed by no one, and it is only a surmise that he struck the hammer against the eastern curb, while the muzzle was on a line with his head, exploding the charge.

At Cleveland, fire broke out in the water and engine room of Rogers & Co.'s furniture manufacturing establishment, No. 96 to 106 Second street. The flames communicated to Gebbert's sewing machine cabinet factory, adjoining, and the Cleveland Woollen Ware company's factory across the street in the rear of Rogers & Co. Loss, \$30,000; insurance, \$16,500.

St. Paul's church at Erie, Pa., was damaged by fire \$100,000 on the building and \$5,000 on organ and furniture. The building was insured for \$5,000 each, in the London, London & Lancashire, Liverpool, London & Globe and Metropolitan Paris. The organ and furniture were not insured.

B. F. Hoag, an Illinois Central brakeman, was killed at Fort Dodge. He was in the act of coupling cars, when his foot was caught by a wheel and his leg torn off. He leaves a wife living in Dubuque.

At Milwaukee, Wm. Vanderhorst, a son of Dr. Wm. Vanderhorst, a homoeopathic physician in Hustisford, Wisconsin, was killed in the freight elevator in the Mitchell building.

J. W. Billings' residence at East Saginaw, Mich., burned. His father, Edward Billings, was burned to death while endeavoring to save property from the house.

A fire in the fortress at Puerto Plata, San Domingo, on the 10th of July, resulted in the loss of twenty-five lives.

James Oakley, of Hudson Wis., went to a neighbor to borrow a gun and accidentally shot and killed himself.

The McLean Manufacturing company's mill burned this morning. Loss, \$50,000; insurance, \$18,000.

## GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

A remarkable but true story is related of Col. Dices, U. S. A., which goes to show that he is not only a gallant soldier but a large hearted man. Having rescued an orphan captive of noble lineage and tender years from the murderous Apaches, he adopted the child and is now educating him in Germany. The lad had lost his father and mother and alone survived the fury of the savage captors and now the colonel's plan is to present the youth to the parents at the proper time, tell the story of his life and solicit an appointment to West Point for the little man that he may avenge his wrongs at the hands of the Apaches if the treacherous band shall not have been annihilated by the time he attains his majority.

The Chinese students in America are starting for home. Twenty-two passed through Omaha on one train. One of the reasons for this action by the Chinese government was the refusal on the part of the United States government to admit them to the naval school at Annapolis and the West Point Military academy. The Chinese government will hereafter send its students to Germany and England, where military schools are not closed against them. There are 734 Chinese students at Harvard, twenty-six at Yale, and the rest are divided between Cornell, Lafayette and Columbia, all of whom will soon start for home.

There are two survivors of the war of 1812 residing in the township of Belle Paine, Scott county, Minn. Samuel Trux, who is now ninety-three years of age, came to that township in 1834. He is now visiting his wife, who resides at Mantorville, Minn. Mr. Trux made application for a pension about ten years ago. He is quite active for a man of his age, and retains his faculties remarkably well. The other is Francis Bliss, aged eighty-nine, who resides on land pre-empted by him in the township more than twenty years ago. He also is quite active for one of his age, and is frequently seen upon the streets.

As a precautionary measure, all ladies at Fort Yates have been warned not to venture out, especially after dark. There is no telling at what moment the 7,000 Indians may make an outbreak or commit serious depredations. The government in failing to send more soldiers to that place and Fort Lincoln is placing the lives of many people in jeopardy.

Dr. Conant has entered on the work of revising the King James version of the Old Testament, for the American and Foreign Bible society. It is expected that the learned doctor will be engaged four years in the work, where upon it will be presented to the society by President Morgan, who authorized the work.

Maud S. had the lowest trotting record Jan. 1, 1881 2:10.3. She has since lowered her record to 2:10.4, knocking off a quarter at Pittsburgh, Pa., and another at Rochester, N. Y., Thursday last. St. Julian had the next lowest record at the same date, 2:11.4, but has been out of condition all the season.

The death is announced at Wilkesbarre, Pa. of Stephen Butler, aged ninety-two years. He was the son of Col. Zebulon Butler, who commanded the settlers at the massacre of Wyoming in 1778. He was also editor of the Wyoming Herald, the first paper established in Luzerne county in 1818.

H. B. Warner, secretary of state, Hon. Carl Lucas of Menominee, and ex-Senator Houghton of Durand, Wis., have been appointed trustees of the fund to be created for the benefit of ex-Sheriff Coleman, murdered by the Williams desperadoes. The tenth subscription has been started.

Gen. Grant has bought a large and handsome house on the north side of Sixth street, between Fifth and Madison avenues, New York, for which he paid \$19,000. It is understood he proposes to make this his future home.

The Cincinnati branch of the Irish land league in passed resolutions severely condemning Irishmen who favor the use of dynamite or other nihilist methods to promote the cause of Ireland.

The Mexican government has instructed the Rio Grande officials to assure safety to foreigners coming into the country.

Mr. F. A. Fogg has been elected secretary of the St. Paul chamber of commerce.

Matthew Vassar, founder of Vassar college, died at Poughkeepsie, New York.

## WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Having pricked his finger, and inoculated himself with pus from the president's wound, Dr. Bliss is quite well. He got the cut the day the last incision was made, and thought nothing of it at the time, but later felt the effects of the poison. He had a high fever and the glands under the arm were swollen. His friends think him badly off and that he has risked his life in attention on the president.

The war department has issued instructions to Gen. Crook, commanding the department of the Platte, to hold Crow Dog, who killed Spotted Tail, and Black Crow, accessory to the murder, for action by the civil authorities.

General Maximo Jarez, Nicaraguan minister at Washington, died suddenly of heart disease.

## OVER THE OCEAN.

The virtual rejection of the Irish land bill by the House of Lords, has created intense excitement in Great Britain. A London special says the parliamentary situation is very grave, nobody being able to forecast the future. The general impression prevails that the lords are determined to persevere in the hope of forcing the resignation of the ministry and the dissolution of parliament under the belief that the election would materially decrease the liberal majority. The Globe is the only paper in the city which advises the peers to stand firm in their present position. It is regarded as certain that the government will not recede, so that if the bill be not passed the responsibility for what may follow will fall upon the lords. General uneasiness prevails, it being thought that if the bill is not passed civil war may be expected in Ireland. Dillon thinks the bill will do more harm than good.

At Vienna, Austria, in the boat race the Cornell's (Americans) obtained early in the race four lengths lead of the Austrian crew, but appeared exhausted when they reached the point in the course known as the Berg Flori, and when one-half the course was traversed one man of the crew collapsed. They then relinquished the struggle. The trophy which the Vienna crew wins is valued at \$250.

The rector and other respectable inhabitants of Tipperary who did not illuminate their houses in honor of John Dillon's release have had their windows smashed by a mob. At a meeting of the land league, at which Dillon was present, Eagen said the cry should be not only "land for the people," but "Ireland for the Irish."

## Obituary.

Hon. T. C. McClure, a prominent citizen of St. Cloud, Minn., died on the 12th. He had been ill for over a year.

Stuben Butler, aged ninety-two years, the oldest citizen of Wilkesbarre, Pa., died on the 12th. He was the son of Col. Butler, who commanded the settlers at the massacre of Wyoming in 1778. He was also the editor of the Wyoming Herald, the first paper established in Luzerne county.

Ex-Congressman Origen S. Seymour, formerly chief justice of the supreme court of Connecticut, died at Litchfield.

Hon. O. H. Browning, of Quincy, Ill., died on the 12th. He was often a member of the legislature, was a representative and senator in congress, attorney general of the United States, and secretary of the interior.



## PROUD MOTHERS.

If all the mothers of all the birds  
Should happen to meet some day—  
In shade or glen,  
Or where or when,  
No matter—and one should say:  
"Which are the brightest and best of birds?"  
What would be each proud mother's words—  
Robin or skylark, wren or crow?  
"Mine are the sweetest birds I know!"

If all the mothers of all the girls  
And boys were to meet some day—  
From countries grand  
Or far Lapland,  
No matter—and one should say:  
"Whose are the sweetest girls and boys,  
Spite of their roguish tricks and noise?"  
I know a mother would whisper true,  
"Mine are the darlings!"—meaning you.

## WAS IT A WRAITH?

"Welcome, most welcome to California, my friend," said Charles Evans, as we warmly shook hands on the wharf.

I had just arrived by the Pullman train from Omaha, having left New York seven days before, and the friend of my boyhood had insisted in his letters, when he knew of my intended immigration, on my passing the first few weeks of my sojourn with him till I should be made, as he expressed it, "a Californian of."

The moon had risen in the clear, June sky by the time we had dined at the Russ House; and mounting to the seat of a light buggy, we started for a twenty-mile drive to my companion's country-seat.

"My dear old boy!" he exclaimed, taking a good hold of the reins, and touching the fine pair of grays with the whip, "you can't imagine how delighted I am that you have come out—left the land of Egypt for that of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey."

"I have no doubt," I answered, "that I shall be equally pleased, if one-tenth of the descriptions and stories which I have heard and read about it is true."

"True!" said he, with an accent of disdain. "Why, one-tenth has not been told. I tell you what it is, Philip—now that the railroad is completed, and communication made so easy, and cheap, too, taking all things into consideration—the whole east will come here *en masse*, and the first who come, by investing in real estate, may make their fortunes by selling a portion of it to the last."

"A golden prospect, indeed," said I, laughing, "for the first comers. But tell me—how did you chance to come here so early? Surely, if I reap a golden harvest, you should reap one of diamonds, for you have been here since '50. Wise as I suppose the move was, I could never guess what prompted you to make it."

"Well," said he, very gravely, "you are my nearest and dearest friend, and I will reveal to you the mystery of my life; it always awes me to think of it, and I have never before spoken of it to any mortal."

"You know," he continued, after a pause, "that I received a good education as a physician; and when I was twenty-three years of age my father died, leaving me alone in the world, and with, perhaps, three thousand dollars in money and real estate. I settled in a little village in Connecticut, and was doing well; and though sometimes the life seemed rather dull, I think I was pretty well content. This was in the latter part of 1849. In the beginning of 1850 I began to feel a vague discontent—why, I can hardly tell. I was doing better than usual, and I had every reason to think myself a favorite with the community among which my lot was cast. But still the feeling grew in intensity, until it amounted to constant restlessness and dissatisfaction."

"Well, one evening I felt particularly weary and dispirited; and as I have nothing to do, I took up a New York paper to pass the time. The word 'California,' in monstrous letters, attracted my attention, and I began to read the news. You remember the time, and how the soberest business letters read like bulletins from fairy-land. But what struck me most, I remember, was the price list at the foot of the column. Flour fifty dollars per barrel; sugar, one dollar per pound—and all the rest of it. Somehow, as I read, I felt still more dissatisfied with my present life; but the thought of going to California never entered my mind, and if it had, would have seemed too wild and absurd for serious consideration."

"It was after midnight before I went to bed, and I tossed a long time in feverish unrest until, after some hours, I fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till late the next morning. In the midst of that sleep, continued my friend, his voice sinking to a low and tender whisper, "I saw the wall of my chamber suddenly illuminated, showing above my writing-table a portrait in a large, deep frame; the features—the broad, smooth forehead, the lustrous, brown eyes, the perfect lips and nose, the delicate ear, the clustering, beautiful brown hair—all are stamped upon my memory. Nothing surprises in dreams, and my only emotion, was love—love that has never ceased to this day, nor will cease till death. I have called the vision a portrait, but its real appearance was that of a living person, looking through the unglazed picture-frame; and I felt no surprise when the dark eyes shone, and the sweet lips parted in a smile upon me, and the right hand stretched forth toward the writing table with a gesture I did not comprehend. Then heavy sleep closed like a great wave over me till I awoke in the broad daylight."

He paused, and I gazed on him in perfect astonishment. I thought he must have taken leave of his senses, and was about to speak, when he smiled, and motioned me to wait.

"I see," said he, "you think this more than strange—foolish, perhaps? Now, listen to the rest of my story. When I awoke in the morning, the light was streaming in at the casement, and the apartment was as cheerful as a June day could make it; and then, if ever, come perfect days," he added, smiling. "But the whole dream, or vision, or whatever it was, came to my mind as clearly and distinctly as though I saw it—and so it has ever remained. Well, as I was thinking over it, I mechanically lifted some of the papers that were lying on the table, and saw written, in a fair, feminine hand, the words, 'La Californie.' Notice—it was not California, but Californie!"

"Why," said I, "there is nothing very odd in that; it is but French for California."

"Yes," he rejoined; "and that is the very thing to which I wish to call your attention. I knew little of the French language at that time, but I knew that these words were, as you say, the French for the name of the Golden State."

"The words might have been carelessly written by some one who had access to

your room," said I. "You surely do not suppose—"

"I beg your pardon," he replied; "let us leave that for the present. I only wished to call your attention to it, to make my story complete. I will not," he continued, "weary you with an account of my feelings on that occasion; you may judge of their intensity by the fact, that in one month I was on my way to California. I was fortunate in finding a ship just starting from New York, with a large number of passengers—adventurers on board—and a most miscellaneous cargo, most of which was owned by the passengers. I added the whole of my fortune to it, invested in a variety of goods. I was so fortunate as to get my passage free, on condition of acting as physician on board the ship. The voyage was the usual long, stormy and wearisome one of those days, and it is unnecessary to dwell upon it."

"When we arrived in San Francisco, I sold my goods at a very large profit, and then, catching the universal fever, I lent all my money out at what would now seem a very high rate of interest, so as to be free to go to the mines, and started off."

"I was not long in the gold fields till I saw that many a man worked hard and made money, and then lost it all in sinking shafts or other expensive mining operations, and I determined to risk nothing that way—to work only at the placer diggings, and to stop when I had accumulated fifty thousand dollars. Within two years, what with my original capital, interest on loans, and mining, the goal was reached—and I paused. Yes; but the object to which all my efforts were all in reality directed—that perfect face, for which my heart yearned night and day—was still unobtainable; and with it my happiness must ever remain. I had an assurance, amounting to infatuation, that fate, or Providence—which is the Christian name of fate—had called me to California, and would not disappoint my trust."

"I had bought land—we are entering on it now," said he, as the horses, with a brisker trot, turned down a lane, between waving fields of grain, off the main road. "I had bought land in considerable quantities, while I was at the mines; as I foresaw that the owners of land would be the future millionaires of the state; and I was thinking of devoting my time to its improvement, but decided to work one month longer, 'just for luck,' and give the proceeds to the poorest man in camp."

"I had not far to go to find that unfortunate individual; he was a Frenchman—unlucky in everything; unlucky in leaving France, where he had sold out at a sacrifice; unlucky in coming to America, for he had been wrecked on the voyage; and unlucky in California, for he could barely make expenses at the mines. As you may suppose, the bag of gold dust which I gave him was no unacceptable present. He felt no scruple in taking it, as I had made out well at the mines, and we all helped each other. While I was talking, with him he addressed one of his little daughters by the name 'Californie.' I started with a sudden emotion, and glanced at the child—a pretty little commonplace brunette, about three years old. I could not help smiling. 'No; that is not my fate,' I thought. Lenoir, her father, smiled too."

"I see," he said, "you are amused at the droll name of *ma petite fille*. *Eh bien, monsieur, c'est ma Marie*. She did fall in love with *la Californie*, and she would have *la petite* so named."

"Further conversation revealed the fact that Marie, his eldest daughter, was living as governess with a rich family of capitalists in San Francisco. She was, he told me, well educated; and could live much more comfortably with those, who were more friends than employers, in the young city, than she could with the family at the camp; and he much preferred it for her, though the separation was hard to bear."

"But I must abridge my story, as home is almost in sight. Within three months I had wooed and won Marie. Ah, my friend! you smile; but I had loved her for three years—ever since I had seen her exact likeness on my chamber wall, in that little Connecticut village. Yes, my friend; and the writing on that sheet of paper, 'La Californie,' I have it yet, word for word, and letter for letter—it corresponds with her hand."

"But, see!" he cried, "there is my castle! and here comes two of its garrison," as two rosy-faced girls came to meet us, "and soon you shall see its lady. But tell me my friend—you always had a reputation for being clever at solving difficult problems—what was that vision? Was it a wraith? Or was it truly, in the light of after events, a mere illusion of a weary brain?"

And I beg leave to propound the same questions, which I could not answer, to you, my readers.

## Mr. Blaine at Home.

The London *World* has added to its series of "Celebrities at Home," a sketch of Mr. Blaine, from which, though it contains nothing very new, the following may be quoted: "Mr. Secretary Blaine's house is incontestably the most popular in Washington. On Wednesday afternoon—the day in Washington when, during the session of congress, the wives of cabinet ministers and those of foreign ambassadors receive—there is no house in the American capital so crowded. Whatever the weather, however thin the attendance in other drawing-rooms, there is always a throng at Mr. Blaine's. Nor is this due to the importance of his present position as secretary of state. It was the same when in congress, whether as member or speaker of the house; it was the same when he was in the senate; it would be the same if Mr. Blaine were not in politics. People go there because they like Mr. Blaine and all his family, which consists of his intellectual and ladylike wife; a kinswoman of brilliant reputation in American letters, who uses the *nom de plume* of 'Gail Hamilton'; and six fine and promising children. In the examination of the drawing-rooms at Mr. Blaine's we find, among other valuable possessions, one very interesting picture—a large canvas by Sir Peter Lely, representing Charles II. and his Court. It is signed, with the date 1658. It was painted by Sir Peter for Lord Baltimore, and was bought by Mr. Blaine for a sum of comparative unimportance at the sale of the Calvert estate, Riverdale, Md., a few years ago. There is not an art gallery in Europe, public or private, which would not be enriched by this large, historical picture, full of portraits, and executed in Lely's most delicate, and yet most animated style. Near at hand, on a pedestal, stands a fine life-sized bust of Mr. Blaine, as good a likeness of the statesman as could perhaps be obtained in this form of a man, the charm of whose

features lie principally in their mobility and ever changing play. Portraits of men of letters abound here. Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, Washington Irving, Hawthorne and many others gaze down from the walls, principally in the last suite of drawing-rooms—the one in which the premier sits of a morning before going to the department of state, examining such letters as imperatively demand his attention at home. Routine correspondence is carried on by secretaries in a vast room at the top of the house and is an enormous and never ceasing task."

## GRANT'S GALENA HOME.

Stored With Gifts That are Guarded by an Old Soldier—Where the General Will Settle Down—His Worldly Possessions.

Galena Correspondence Courier-Journal.

It is now pretty well understood that Gen. Grant has fully concluded to change his residence from this city for good, and will in the future make New York city his home. The general is very much attached to Galena, and but for business enterprises would no doubt remain in this city during the remainder of his life. Here he was living with his family and other relatives when the war broke out, and here are numbered some of his best friends, who knew him when a very poor and obscure man. His home is situated in a very delightful part of the city, and persons passing through town on the Illinois Central have a very good view of the Grant residence from the car windows. The house is a good, substantial, but rather plain two-story brick, the exterior finish and elaboration being modeled after a very simple and tasteful style of architecture. The yard is kept in the very best order, the trees and lawns are being nicely cut and trimmed. The house for some time past, has been under the charge of an old soldier who served under Grant during the late unpleasantness, and with the assistance of the worthy fellow's wife, everything about that establishment is kept in the very best of order. Some of the furniture has been taken away and is stored at Long Branch, but many of the presents presented to the general and his wife during their tour around the world are still to be seen at his Galena residence, including elegant paintings, valuable and very rich China and Majolica crockery. His library is still here, and is a very valuable one, embracing a choice variety of books on historical, scientific and art subjects, as well as a good assorted library of the best works of fiction and poetry. Many presents given him while in China, Japan and other foreign countries, are in Philadelphia in the care of Geo. W. Childs, and perhaps his numerous and costly gifts will never be gathered together until the retired warrior settles down some place to remain. He cannot call Galena his home any more than New York, Oshkosh or Louisville, but is now generally thought here he will never live long enough in Galena to run for a full-fledged alderman. Grant still holds on to his St. Louis farm, which is a very valuable piece of property. It is very desirably located, and has the very best improvements for well cultivated farm land. He has had several offers to sell it, but his friends think the general would rather sell most anything than his Missouri property. It is understood that some wealthy railroad magnates wanted to buy the place, and soon after Grant struck the country from his foreign rambles they made him a liberal offer, but the silent man thought he had the best jack-knife of the two and "wouldn't swap."

How much Grant is worth is a hard matter to solve. Like all rich men, his wealth no doubt is overestimated.

It has been said that his travels around the globe cost him \$50,000, and that he came home a much poorer man than when the day he sailed upon his journey. Be this as it may, Gen. Grant is thought to be a very wealthy man by most of his old friends in Galena, and should he live and keep his health the time will come around when he will not be ashamed to sit upon the financial ladder with the proudest millionaires of the land. His Mexican railroad schemes, while yet in an undeveloped state, Grant thinks, productive of the richest harvest of any seed he has yet sown. The general and Mrs. Grant are expected to return to Galena late in October, and remaining here for a few days he will go to New Mexico.

## A WOMAN FARMER.

Mrs. Osgood, of Maine, Cuts and Puts in Six Tons of Hay in One Day

From the Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Just before dusk, Wednesday evening, a brown-faced and pleasant-looking woman, with a short, well-built figure and firm step, fastened a plump, contented-looking bay horse in front of the Boston Tea Store, and tossed a molasses jug out of her wagon. She wore a widow's veil and shawl. "There," said a gentleman, "is one of the most wonderful women in the country, Mrs. Osgood, of Minot Center, the woman farmer." So when Mrs. Osgood came out of the store, with her strong arms full of molasses-jug, salt box, and this-and-that, the *Journal* scribe began to ply his interrogations. "How much hay will you cut this year?" "Twelve or fifteen tons, I've cut about six tons already. I commenced mowing at 7 o'clock this morning, and mowed most of the forenoon. I spread thirty-five common stacks of hay, and after-dinner I got in four good one-horse loads, in season to get down here at 4 o'clock and market a lot of berries." "Do you cut your hay with a machine or a scythe?" "Both; I can mow either way. I have a one-horse mower." "Do you have any help?" "Only what I get from the children. There's a girl of fourteen years and a boy of eleven years who help me a little." "Is the girl going to make a farmer?" "I don't know. I want to make a farmer of her, but she says she don't like the idea very well." "How much of a farm have you?" "I have now about forty acres. I have planted this year half an acre of onions, two acres of potatoes, and three-fourths of an acre of beans, and sowed an acre of oats. I have done all the work myself. I have run the farm five years, and I haven't laid out a cent, not one cent, for help, and I ain't going to either, [with much emphasis] Last winter I went down in the woods and cut and teamed out ten cords of cordwood." "Does your farm pay well?" "Yes; it's beginning to pay pretty well now. It was all run down when I came there and commenced work. I only cut hay enough for a cow and a horse. Now it cuts twelve tons. See the difference? I have dug out the rocks and leveled off the fields with my own hands, so I shan't be thrown out when I ride my mowing machine. I

keep two cows, a horse, and a lot of sheep, and there are a lot of hens running around."

Mrs. Osgood then started Dobbin for home. Here is a woman who finds time between planting her acres of potatoes and onions, mowing dozens of tons of hay, chopping ten cords of wood in snow-knee-deep, and all the hard work of running a forty-acre farm, to take care of the milk of two cows, make butter and bread, and do all the kneading, cooking, and sewing on buttons for a family of children, and yet has nothing to say about woman's wrongs or woman's rights.

## SLUMBER SONG.

In the winged cradle of sleep I lay  
My darling gently down;  
Kissed and closed are his eyes of gray,  
Under his curls' bright crown.

Where, oh where, will he fly and float,  
In the winged cradle of sleep!  
Whom will he meet in the worlds remote,  
While he slumbers soft and deep?

Warm and sweet as a white blush-rose,  
His small hands lie in mine,  
But I cannot follow him where he goes,  
And he gives no word nor sign.

Keep him safe, ye heavenly powers,  
In dream-land vast and dim!  
Let no ill, through the night's long hours,  
Come nigh to trouble him.

Give him back, when the dawn shall break,  
With his matchless baby charms,  
With his love and his beauty all awake,  
Into my happy arms!

—Celia Thaxter.

## IN FOR LIFE.

How One Can be Buried Alive.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"This cell," said the warden, as we reached 212, "belongs to one of the oldest lifers in the prison. I believe he has been here night on to thirty years, and he bids fair to last for twenty more. He is a very singular man."

"His crime was murder, of course?"

"Yes, and a strange murder. He was then a young man of 22, rather quiet, if not morose, and no one had ever heard him use an oath or seen him display even the smallest vice. Had he stolen an ax, his friends would have been amazed. What could their feelings have been, then, when he was charged with murder? One night, with no earthly excuse for offense, he got out of bed, walked three miles to the house of a friend and called him out and stabbed him to the heart. He then retraced his steps to his home and retired to bed and slept soundly until morning, the bloody knife lying on the chair by his bedside. He made no effort to conceal his crime, and when arrested had no excuse for it. From the day the constable put hands on him up to this hour he has not spoken except when forced to. I have several times had to threaten him with the strap to make him answer my questions."

"Does he make with anyone?"

"No; he comes and goes as if alone in this great prison. I cannot imagine what inducement could be held out to make him address a question to a prisoner. He shuns us all as if we were poison. During all the years he has been here he has never asked a favor of any sort."

"Is he ever sick?"

"Once in a great while, but he never complains. He would die in his tracks before he would ask to see the doctor. He has fainted away at his work-bench and cried out in the delirium of fever, but he has never complained."

"What do the prisoners say about him?"

"They fear him. I have been told twenty different times that he would some day rebel, and that he would have to be shot before he could be disarmed. I can't say that he is poling, but we keep a sharp eye on him. He has the eye of a perfect devil, and he will look at you in a way to make your flesh crawl."

"Can he be insane?"

"No; a dozen different doctors are agreed that he is as sound as any man. He is simply a born devil. He was never known to laugh or cry. His old mother used to come here in days gone by—before she died—and she said she had never seen a smile on his lips or a tear on his cheeks, not even during his babyhood. He is a biter. He hates himself. He hates everything living or dead. There is a cauldron of ugliness boiling within him, and some day it will bubble over. When that event occurs we shall most likely be forced to kill him in self-defense."

"Has he any relatives?"

"Not that we know of. His father was dead before the murder. He had a mother and brother, but when he had been here about five years the poor old woman went to her grave. If a man has any heart in him a mother's tears and love can touch it. She used to come here and sob and pray, and this fiend sat as unmoved as a rock, even refusing to answer one of her questions. She was old and wrinkled and heart-broken the last time she came. She told him that it was her last visit, and that she had only a few weeks to live, and the murderer turned his back on her. The brother came three or four times, receiving the same treatment, and the last visit he made came near being his last day on earth. Taking advantage of the momentary absence of the door-man this fiend grasped the brother's throat and was fast choking him to death when help arrived. The brother died several years ago in Illinois, and now the man is alone on earth. No one asks after him—nobody thinks of him. He is buried alive."

"He never writes to any one?"

"Never. He has not had a pen in his hand since entering this prison. Most of the prisoners manage to keep posted on outside affairs, but this man neither knows nor cares to know. I don't believe he knew of the war long as it lasted. He won't talk; he can't or won't read; he won't permit a prisoner to talk to him, as a consequence he hears no more of the world's doings than as if he were in the grave. It must be a horrible feeling for a man to live this way, and yet he seems to enjoy it. One day is the same as another to him. One night is no blacker than another. Weeks pass and bring no change. Years come and go and his routine is the same. The past is full of blood—the future is a long unbroken midnight. I have wondered that he did not commit suicide."

"Has he ever tried to escape?"

"Never, and that is why we fear him. Three different times since he came here he has had good opportunities to take French leave but he refused to go. It wasn't because he feared recapture and punishment, for any of them will take the one chance in a hundred on that. It was because he hated the world worse than his

prison. Give him another chance to-day and he would also refuse it. As I told you he is a strange case. He is half-man, half-devil. Each year he is growing more like a fiend, and every time I look into his eye I think it has a more Satanic gleam. I don't know what the end will be, but I half expect it will be full of rebellion, desperation and blood. Some day his hate will overpower all other feeling, and he will pick up a bar of iron, an ax or a sledge, and he will fight us to the death."

## THE SURRENDER OF YORKTOWN.

Marching to the Tune "The World Turned Upside Down."

From Harper's Magazine.

At noon of the 19th (October) we have the first act of surrender. Yorktown changed hands. Two redoubts on the left of the enemy's works were at that hour taken possession of by detachments from the allied army, Col. Richard Butler commanding the American and Marquis Laval the French party, each of 100 men. At 2 o'clock we reach the closing scene. The army of Cornwallis marched out as prisoners of war, grounded their arms, and then marched back. Accounts agree in describing the display and ceremony on the occasion as quite imposing. The British appeared in new uniforms, distributed among them a few days before, and it only required the flying of their standards to give their march the effect of a holiday parade. But their colors were cased and they were prohibited from playing either a French or American tune. This was the return of a compliment, a piece of justifiable as well as poetic retaliation on the part of the Americans for what the enemy were pleased to command when Gen. Lincoln was compelled to surrender at Charleston the year before. The matter came up at the meeting of the commissioners. "This is a harsh article," said Ross to Laurens.

"Which article?" answered the latter.

"The troops shall march out with colors cased and drums beating a British or a German march."

"Yes, sir," returned Laurens, with a touch of sang froid, "it is a harsh article."

"Then," said Ross, "if that is your opinion, why is it here?"

Whereupon Laurens, who had been made prisoner at Charleston with Lincoln's army, proceeded to remind Ross that the Americans on that occasion had made brave defense, but were ungallantly refused any honors of surrender other than to march out with colors cased and drums not beating a British or a German march.

"But," rejoined Ross, "my Lord Cornwallis did not command at Charleston."

"Thee, sir," said Laurens, "you extort another observation. It is not the individual that is here considered, it is the nation. This remains an article or I cease to be a commissioner."

Nothing more was to be said; the article stood, the enemy marched out with the colors cased, while the tune they chose to follow was an old British march with the quite appropriate title of "The World Turned Upside Down."

As the prisoners moved out of their works along the Hampton road they found the French and American armies drawn up on either side of the way, the Americans on the right, and extending more than a mile toward the field of surrender. The French troops presented a brilliant spectacle in their white uniforms with plumed and decorated officers at their head, and gorgeous standard of white silk, embroidered with golden fleurs-de-lis, floating along the line. The Americans were less of an attraction in outward appearance, but not the less eagerly eyed by their late antagonists. Among the war-worn Continentals there was variety of dress poor at the best, distinguishing the men of the different lines; but to compensate for lack of show there was a soldierly bearing about them which commanded attention. The militia formed in their rear presented a less martial sight so far as clothing and order were concerned. But all these men were conquerors, and their general appearance bespoke the hardships they and their states had undergone to win in the struggle. At the head of the respective lines were the commanding generals, nobly mounted—Washington, Rochambeau, Lafayette, Lincoln, Steuben, Knox, and the rest. Leading the British came General O'Hara instead of Cornwallis. The latter pleaded illness, but sent his sword to O'Hara to be given up to Washington. As O'Hara advanced to the chief, he was referred to Lincoln, who, upon receiving the sword, as a token of the enemy's submission, immediately returned it to the British general, whose troops then marched between the two lines to a field on the right, where they grounded their arms.

## THE COMING NEW STATE.

What the Northern Pacific Railroad Will Accomplish for Washington Territory.

Colonel J. J. Safely, a government official, who has been spending some time in Washington territory, on his way to Washington, said that the territory soon to become the state of Washington has before it a period of almost unparalleled prosperity. The lumbering interests will each year increase in importance, "but this is but a single item," for coal and iron in the northern part of the territory exists in almost inexhaustible quantities. Rolling mills must soon be built, and iron for binding all this country together can be made on the soil of Washington territory. In no country have I seen such liberal gifts from the hand of nature as in Western Washington. Such a transformation is to be witnessed there in the next few years as few people imagine. The building of the Northern Pacific railroad and the carrying out of Mr. Henry Villard's plans, both in Oregon and Washington, will bring out a large immigration into the territory and capital necessary for the development of the country.

"When will the Northern Pacific railroad be completed?"

"As I understand it, the company will continue to build the road with the utmost vigor until it forms an unbroken link from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, as was contemplated when the company was first formed. The government, as I heard United States Commissioner French say, will be satisfied with no more delay; no excuses will be taken. The road must be built. I think the road will be completed by the winter of 1882."

It is said that common kerosene placed on warts will remove them in a couple of weeks. It should be applied twice a day, and if the surface of the wart is, hard and dry it should be scratched to promote the absorption of the oil. No scar is left after the cure.



The Bismarck Tribune.

BY LOUNSBERRY & JEWELL.

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No city in the world ever boomed without a live daily paper. Fargo is a good illustration of what daily papers, if well supported, can do for a city. In Duluth the daily paper is not sufficiently supported and the result is—no boom.

The Manitoba road made another crossing of the North Pacific on Sunday last between Casselton and Wheatland, the object being to control or at least divide the wheat trade reached by the Casselton branch. Mr. Hill is proving himself sufficiently aggressive to make it interesting for the North Pacific, but things will be livelier when Mr. Villard gets fairly to work.

The receipt of the first numbers of the Daily Carbonate Reporter, published at West Virginia reminds one that the times when towns and cities sprung into existence in a night seem to have returned. A new carbonate camp has been discovered in the Black Hills. In two days it contained one thousand souls; in less than a week a wilderness is hewn down, business of all kinds is carried on, and a daily paper is issued. Truly the enterprise of the west is wonderful!

The critical condition of the President has caused a depressed feeling in the money markets of the east and the anxiety of the nation seems more intense than at the time of the attempted assassination. Only the strongest will could maintain life against the determined agent of death who has been so close to the President during the past few weeks, and there is still a hope that that will prove mightier than the bullet, and that the suffering martyr may walk triumphantly through the valley of the shadow of death.

GEN. HAZEN is proving a very efficient officer and is pushing matters in connection with the signal service bureau. The number of stations for the display of cautionary storm signals on the lakes and on the Atlantic and gulf coasts has been increased by eleven. A great extension of military telegraph lines is now going on, under charge of the officers of the service. In the department of Missouri two hundred and fifty miles of line will be built to connect isolated military posts.

The Duluth Tribune pines because of Duluth's lack of enterprise. Although its population is greater than that of Bismarck or Fargo, yet the amount of enterprise in comparison to the two Dakota cities is disgustingly small. The business men of Duluth have scarcely enterprise enough to support their daily paper—an institution doing more for the city than all others combined. Until Duluth wakes up and her business men bestir themselves as do those of Bismarck and Fargo, the city cannot expect to boom.

The Fargo Argus has once or twice alluded to the debt of Bismarck. Pray what debt? There are 72 lots in Bismarck belonging to the city, which if sold to-day, would place a neat little balance on the credit side of the city. Besides she has a good fire engine and house, and her citizens are not up to their necks in debt. Better not compare the finances of Fargo to those of Bismarck, Mr. Argus, for it is a notorious fact, which can be backed up by the figures, that Bismarck is in much better shape than Fargo, so far as the pocket book is concerned.

If a huge magnetic needle were poised on a point at the geographical center of the earth's surface, and it was then properly magnetized so that its polar end would be sensitive to the attractions of the elements that make great cities and commercial centers, it would invariably point to Bismarck. The hand of the Almighty might rapidly revolve it about on its axis, and for a time it would hover over other cities, but the positive electricity of progress would make it so sensitive to the truth, that with the absolute certainty of the law of gravitation it would at last come to rest at Bismarck. The fates have declared that here shall be a great city. Nothing can prevent it.

THERE is much encouragement in the statement by the Superintendent of the

Bank Department of the State of New York, in a report just issued, that the deposits in the savings banks of New York City for the first six months of the present year exceed those of the preceding six months by ten millions of dollars, and that the savings banks in other parts of the States have experienced an increase of an equal amount. This is an unmistakable indication of the fact that the national prosperity is distributing itself among the poorer classes as well as the more wealthy. The much-repeated saying that the tendency of the times is for the rich to grow richer and the poor poorer is, in the light of accurate information, but half true. The rich are growing richer as a rule, perhaps, but the poor are growing richer also.

Of all the tradesmen in the west the carpenters are at present the most busy. There has been a painful scarcity of these mechanics in Bismarck all summer. At least one hundred more could now be at work at good wages, if they were here. Both Mr. Hoagland and C. S. Weaver & Co. are unable to take further contracts, and are turning people away every day, who are anxious to build. Doubtless over one hundred buildings would be erected during the next three months if it were possible to secure carpenters. In the older cities of the east are thousands of good mechanics who are working for starvation wages. To such the TRIBUNE says come west and help build up her cities.

The New York, Chicago, St. Paul, Fargo and all of the leading papers of the country indorse the TRIBUNE in urging the necessity of having a greater number of troops stationed at Forts Lincoln and Yates. The St. Paul Daily Dispatch says editorially: "An eye witness states that the 7,000 or more Sioux at Standing Rock could with their hammers alone demolish the fort and slaughter the garrison in half an hour, and what is more would do it if they were sure none of their own numbers would be slain. It is about time that something was done to nip a possible Indian war in the bud. At least Sitting Bull should not be allowed to set the young bucks in ferment for war. If he was placed in close confinement and threatened with a trial for murder, it might serve the good purpose of awing down the Sioux braves, if it did not subdue the obdurate spirit of the wily chieftain."

EXCELLENT samples for the Minneapolis fair are being brought in, and the exhibit is as assured success. Not only is diligent work being done on the east side of the river, but the people on the Mandan side are also exerting every effort to help the matter along to success. Not only wheat and oats of every variety should be gathered, but good specimens of grasses and all kinds of vegetables should be carefully prepared for exhibition. A good sized pumpkin or a sound three pound potato will go just as far towards alluring the eastern farmer westward as a sheaf of Scotch Fife wheat or Russian oats. It should also be remembered that a large quantity of wheat and oats is necessary to thatch the building, as it should be to equal last season's exhibit. It was universally agreed that the Missouri river valley exhibit at last year's fair was by all odds the best on the grounds, and the valley cannot well afford to loose any of her well earned laurels. Too many specimens cannot be obtained and it is hoped that every farmer will take a personal pride in the matter and keep back nothing that would interest him were he an eastern producer, seeking broader fields for action.

The millers of Minneapolis, by their practical experiments in the methods of grinding, and the improvements that they have made have added many dollars to the pockets of the farmers of North Dakota. The Minneapolis methods of milling are being introduced in England and with an increased supply of hard wheat, there will doubtless come the same preference as exists in this country for a grain having its special properties. These improvements in milling have had a most important bearing on the value of all the varieties of hard wheat. The secret of higher prices which the Duluth wheat commands over the best grades from other localities, is the fact that it makes a flour of greater strength. The northern wheat is flinty, and contains more gluten; the southern is soft, and contains more starch. Until lately, however, the farmer in North Minnesota and Dakota found that his grain, although by analysis of its parts, the most valuable, brought the lowest prices. The effects were remedied by the millers of Minneapolis, and so successfully that their method of treating wheat has been very generally adopted throughout the country. The result has been that the strong flour made of North Dakota wheat is quoted at a price of \$2 per barrel over other kinds—a difference which the baker is willing to pay, because from a given number of pounds it makes the greatest number of pounds of bread; and the private customer is will-

ing to pay, because it furnishes the most nutritive food. The hard northern wheat, instead of being the lowest, has taken its rightful place as the highest priced on the list of grain.

The handful of Apache Indians now maintaining a reign of terror in New Mexico, and murdering scores of innocent persons who happen to cross their war path, should teach the government an important lesson. The presence of Sitting Bull and 7,000 late hostiles at Standing Rock with a herd of several thousand buffalo grazing at a distance sufficient to offer great temptations for pursuit, presents a problem that must be solved. The disaffection at the Rosebud agency, caused by the murder of Spotted Tail; the utter lack of any forcible restraint at Yates, and the life of idleness that the Indians are leading are sufficient cause for grave apprehensions of a possible danger. The Yakton Press and Dakotian presents the subject in a very forcible manner when it says: "Among the seven thousand Indians at Standing Rock, there are enough uneasy young bucks to make a formidable force, and they will all obey the call of the reckless chief who has just come among them. The camp of the Spotted Tail Indians is not so far distant that communication between the two cannot be readily kept up and the recent death of Spotted Tail has removed a powerful restraining influence from his young men. These youthful bucks are always ready for the war path. A generation has come to manhood among them which never enjoyed the glories of the battle field and with the bloody traditions of their fathers constantly before them they may naturally be supposed to feel that they too should have an opportunity to distinguish themselves. The military force is entirely too small to hold in check this warlike disposition should it happen that Sitting Bull recommend an uprising. It does not appear that he is at all broken in spirit. He is as bold, defiant and ugly as on the day which sent Custer and his men to bloody graves. It wouldn't be a bad stroke of policy for the government to isolate this savage from the people. He has earned a prison cell, or even more than that."

THERE is one element in the present management of the North Pacific that is a decided improvement on the old. It is a disposition to see the country through which the road passes, become acquainted with its resources and its people, and encourage by every possible means its development. Permanent buildings are being erected, not where the company can't get on without them, but in anticipation of its wants. With the encouragement the company is now wisely extending to Bismarck, Mandan and Glendive, from the beginning, Bismarck would today be a city of ten thousand people. There has been an element of uncertainty, which was not removed until this summer, that has acted as a wet blanket on every effort to induce capital to come in and invest. Bismarck, as lively and prosperous as it now is, has reached its present important position without encouragement from the company; without the assistance of outside capital. Follow down its streets, from one end to the other of each, and not a dozen men can be found who had a thousand dollars cash when they came here. Almost without exception the merchants commenced with no capital but integrity and energy, and to-day they average better in every respect than the merchants of any city of equal size on the American continent. There has never been a failure except through the grossest mismanagement or dishonesty, and all that have occurred since the city was established could be counted upon the fingers of a single hand. Rents have been and still are enormous and until a short time ago the usual rate for interest was 3 per cent. per month. For four years the people were absolutely without title to their property. Half a dozen or more were contesting for the whole, and each individual for the ground he occupied. And yet, in spite of all difficulties, in spite of misrepresentations of every sort, in spite of the active hostility at one time of the railroad management, Bismarck has prospered and will continue to prosper. The people are now satisfied the road has an interest in their welfare, and therefore with pleasure join in any scheme where they can for mutual good.

Better Than Expected.  
(Jamestown Alert.)

Harvesting is nearly completed and is much better than was expected. Those who are good judges claim that the average yield will be twenty bushels per acre in this county, and some claim that it will go twenty-two bushels per acre. There are thousands of acres that will go over thirty bushels per acre, and a very large proportion that will go over twenty bushels per acre. There are a few fields of late wheat that will go as low as twelve bushels per acre. On the whole, State man county will realize for the fourth successive year a bountiful harvest.

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D. P. Harrie wishes to notify all parties that he has taken charge of the town herd, and all parties interested are hereby notified not to interfere with said herd, but make their business known to him, personally.

MARKET.

JUSTUS BRAGG,  
PROPRIETOR  
Montana Market.  
COR. SECOND AND MAIN STREETS.  
Fresh & Salt Meats, Fish, Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, Fruit & Canned Goods  
Steamboat Trade a Specialty.  
ONLY THE BEST CORN-FED BEEF SOLD.



H. H. DAY,  
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.  
Orders from outside the City will receive Prompt Attention.  
Also Dealer in all kinds of  
SEWING MACHINES.

ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS

A torpid liver and dyspepsia cause moroseness and irritability, and the mind becomes dull and cloudy. Persons suffering in this way are unfit for the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of life. ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS is the most powerful Blood Purifier and Tonic known, and it at the same time builds up and fortifies the system, invigorates the liver, aids digestion, and cures dyspepsia. It tones up, and reinforces the whole system, and imparts cheerfulness, vivacity and Prepared by J. P. ALLEN, Druggist & Mfg. Pharmacist, ST. PAUL MINN.  
For Sale by W. A. HOLLENBAEK, Druggist, Bismarck, D. T.

MERCHANTS HOTEL,

COR. MAIN AND THIRD STREETS,  
Bismarck, - D. T.  
MARSH & WAKEMAN, Proprietors.  
Building new and commodious; rooms large, comfortable and tastily furnished. First-class very particular. Bills reasonable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GEO. G. GIBBS & CO.,  
PIONEER  
BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP  
Corner Third and Thayer Streets.  
BISMARCK, - D. T.  
None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.

DOORS, WINDOWS

BUILDING PAPER,  
NAILS, PAINTS  
Wholesale and Retail.  
C. S. WEAVER & CO.

PILES  
ANAKESIS  
DR. S. SLSBEE'S EXTERNAL PILE REMEDY  
Gives instant Relief, and is an infallible CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF PILES.  
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, \$1.00 per box, prepaid, by mail. Samples sent free to Physicians and all sufferers, by Neustaedter & Co., Box 2946, New York City. Sole manufacturers of ANAKESIS 50y1

WM. EADES,  
Proprietor

RIVER HOTEL,  
At Steamboat Landing.  
Cheap rates and First-class accommodations.

WHOLESALE  
BUILDING  
MATERIAL

We can supply anything used in the construction of a Building.  
Write us. C. S. WEAVER & CO.

FIRE AND MARINE  
INSURANCE.

Connecticut, \$1,488,000  
Liverpool, London and Globe, 29,000,000  
Traders, 850,000  
La Confiance, 5,000,000  
Hamburg-Magdeburg, 833,000  
Hamburg-Bremen, 1,034,000  
German-American, 2,619,000

F. J. CALL,  
Agent, Bismarck, D. T.



# MANDAN.

## Local Items.

Engineer Dougherty has left. The net receipts of the Odd Fellows dance was a trifle over \$40. J. C. [Call] was over looking at the best town in the northwest yesterday. Work on the Presbyterian and Catholic churches is being pushed forward rapidly. Our farmers must not forget to save their finest products for the Minneapolis fair. Mr. Quinn yesterday opened his new restaurant in block seven, with a dinner which caused the wrinkles to disappear from the faces of the many who enjoyed it. A stranger asked one of our citizens yesterday the best location to buy a lot and build a good house for a home. The answer was, "I have lots for sale in the western portion of town, but buy anywhere, you can't miss the boom." The glass ball shooting club met last evening and practiced, making an improvement on some former shots. Considerable interest is being awakened in their sport and many are making their first attempt at ball breaking. There has been considerable anxiety over a poor Indian seen near town yesterday and the day before. The feeling is daily gaining ground that the government should, in justice to itself and its settlers, garrison Fort Lincoln with troops to its fullest extent at once. Since engineer Dougherty left, Mr. Emory of the engineers' office has severed his connection with the railroad and will go west. Both these gentlemen can be numbered among Mandan's first inhabitants, and their departure causes the regret of many. May success attend them. Miss Kendson, who has been in the millinery and dressmaking business in Mandan for a year or more has left our community and gone east. B. L. Winston & Co. will at once move the building lately occupied by her from the lot and commence the construction of their brick block thereon. Assistant engineer Daugherty, of the North Pacific, left Mandan yesterday morning for Minneapolis, where he will remain a few days preparatory to going to Central America to fill the position of chief engineer of a railroad in that country, which he has already accepted at a salary of \$300 per month. J. A. Carter, of London, England, who is traveling along the line of the North Pacific with a view of investing, was yesterday looking over town. He expresses himself much pleased with the prospects and admits that to a person of London the profit from investments in real estate in Mandan are almost incomprehensible. Sale was made yesterday through the real estate agency of T. J. Mitchell, of 160 acres of land located about one half mile east of town, to Mr. J. W. Raymond, of Bismarck, price, \$5,000. Mr. Raymond has always enjoyed the reputation of being a first-class business man, and his reputation is strengthened by this investment in Mandan property. There seems to have been a disposition among some of our citizens to draw an imaginary line dividing our town into East and West Mandan. As the town is being built up so rapidly and completely both East, West and between, this feeling, which never was general, is happily passing away and we stand today one people with the common and united desire for the general good of the place.

## Solid Buildings.

W. J. Honeycombe, contracting bricklayer. Residence, Buckley's Hotel.

## Hope for the Thirsty.

Harry McBratney keeps the finest stock of liquors in Mandan, and don't you forget it. Next door to Opera House.

## Preferred Locals.

Carpenter & Cary have for sale, at a great bargain, an improved tree claim within two miles of Mandan. Farrerworth's specialty is in ladies' and gent's fine furnishing goods. The Boston One Price Clothing Store wants to trade with you. Winston & Co. have the best cigar jobbing trade in Mandan. Walter Draper keeps the largest and best stock of hardware. For Main street lots away down in price, call on Carpenter & Cary.

T. J. MITCHELL. D. O. PRESTON.

MITCHELL & PRESTON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Mandan.

C. F. KING, M.D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Mandan, D. T.

M. J. EDGERLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Mandan, D. T.

## BISMARCK ADVERTISEMENTS.

## GET THE BEST!



## LEAD ALL OTHERS! Every Style & Price.

Guaranteed Unequaled FOR OPERATION, ECONOMY, DURABILITY and WORKMANSHIP.

Improvements and conveniences found in no others. Always Reliable. POPULAR EVERYWHERE.

For Sale in Every City and Town in the United States.

## BUY BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.



## E. H. MURRAY,

HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE and all kinds of

Plain and Ornamental Painting!

GRAINING, FRESCOING, WALL DECORATING, AND PAPER HANGING

MANDAN, D. T.

FRANK ME AD. W. A. CARR.

## MEAD & CARR, Lands-Lots, Law-Conveyancing MANDAN, DAKOTA.

Teams and Guides Supplied to Land Hunters at Low Rates.

Office at the Court House. FOR RENT—An office on Main street in same block with the postoffice.

Will buy and sell wild and improved lands, city and village property, anywhere on the line of the North Pacific railway.

Lands Examined and Settlers Located. Correspondence Solicited.

**For Sale.** Valuable lot on Main street, in block 7, Mandan. A great bargain. Business lot and building in block 3, on Main street, near the postoffice. Three hundred and forty acres of beautiful land one mile north of Mandan, dirt cheap—and good dirt. One house and lot in Mandan; lot 1, block 59 beautifully located. Cash \$600. To exchange for Mandan property: An improved farm in Douglas county, Minnesota. Five miles from Alexandria. Residence on Main street, block 14, with two good lots fronting on Main street. Tree claim three miles from Mandan. A great bargain. Available business and residence lots in all parts of Mandan. Lots 11 and 12, in block 32. Best residence lots in the market. Price \$300. Land in any direction and at any price. Three eighty acre tracts in section 15; one mile north of Mandan; Call on or address,

MEAD & CARR, MANDAN, D. T.

## F. M. French, LUMBER DEALER MANDAN, D. T.

## M. LANG, Wholesale & Retail Grocer Crockery Glassware Etc., MANDAN, D. T.

Special attention paid to orders from the Front.

## FLOUR, FEED and PRODUCE.

I wish to inform the people of Burleigh County that I have just opened in the building next to the Tribune a Flour, Feed and Produce Store, and hope to see my friends at my new stand. I shall keep only the best articles at the lowest market price. Remember the place

No. 37 Main Street, two doors west of Postoffice. FRANK DONNELLY.

## MANDAN BUSINESS HOUSES

## CARPENTER & CARY, LAW, REAL ESTATE, SURVEYING-INSURANCE Mandan, Dakota.

—Dealers in—

Town Lots; Wild and Improved Lands. Will Locate Settlers on Government Claims and other Lands

Plats showing the lay of the land, streams, etc., and copies of the original ratings of the soil; of all surveyed lands west of the Missouri river, including the famous Missouri and Hart River Valleys and Custer Plats. Letters of inquiry cheerfully answered. Collections, Legal and Land Matters of Non-residents attended to.

## FOR SALE.

Lots in different parts of Mandan, Fronting on Main street. Some very choice. Ranging in price from \$125 upward. An improved Tree Claim two miles from Mandan, at a great bargain.

WARREN CARPENTER, Jr., Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Available business and residence lots in all parts of Mandan.

## FOR RENT.

New Store House on Main street one block east of Brick Block.

L. N. CARY, Surveyor and Civil Engineer.

## Notice of Final Proof.

AND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., August 2, 1891. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at this office on the 14th day of September 1891 at 10 o'clock a. m. viz: Wm. Howard, Homestead Entry No. 398, of the southwest quarter of section 25, township 14 N. range 81 west, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: James A. Emmens, Henry Suttle, Michael Feller and R. R. Marsh, all of Burleigh Co. P. O. Address, Bismarck, D. T. JOHN A. RZA, Register.

## Notice of Contest—Timber Culture.

U. S. LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., July 2d, 1891. Complaint having been entered at this office by Henry I. Wright against Ferdinand Kramer for failure to comply with law as to timber culture entry No. 60, dated June 15th, 1878, upon the south east quarter of section eight, township 159, range 76, in Kidder county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; contestant alleging that Ferdinand Kramer has failed to break or caused to be broken ten acres on the said tract, and has failed to plant or set out any trees whatever since taking the same. The said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 14th day of September, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure. E. M. BROWN, Receiver. JOHN A. RZA, Register.

## FITS EPILEPSY

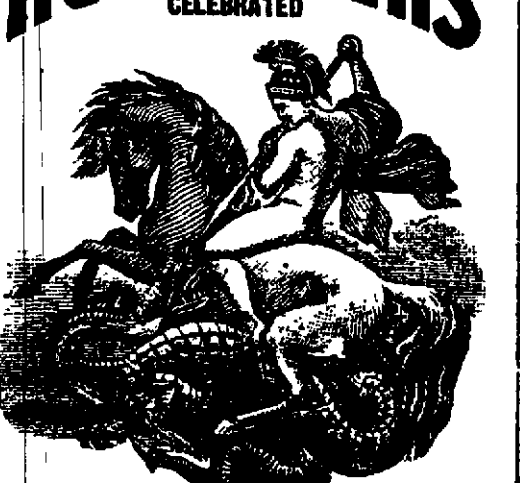
OR FALLING LICKNENS. Permanently Cured—No humbug—by one month's usage of Dr. GOULARD'S Celebrated Infallible Fit Powders. To convince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for them we will send them by mail, postpaid, a free Trial Box. As Dr. Goulard is the only physician that has ever made this disease a special study, and as to our knowledge these powders have been permanently cured by the use of these Powders, we will guarantee a permanent cure in every case or refund you all money expended. All sufferers should give these powders an early trial, and be convinced of their curative powers. Price for large box, \$5.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price, or by express, C. O. D. Address

ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## FREE

24-30

## HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

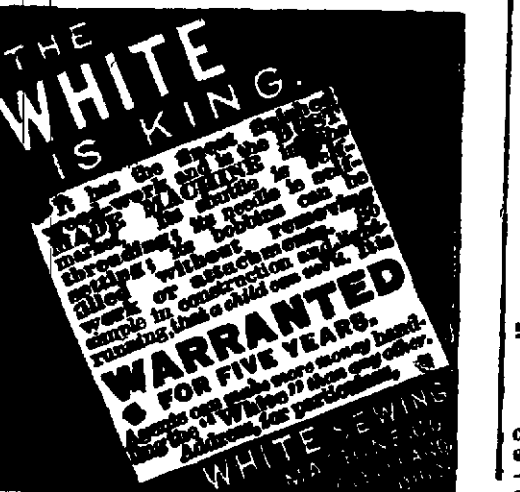


## STOMACH BITTERS

Feeble and Sickly Persons Recover their vitality by pursuing a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular invigorant and alterative medicine in use. General debility, fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism, and other maladies are completely removed by it. Ask those who have used it what it has done for them. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

## A. LOGAN, GROCERIES.

Flour, Feed and Bakery. No. 19 North Third street.



## NICHOLS SHEPARD & CO

Battle Creek, Michigan, MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE

## VIBRATOR

THRESHERS, Traction and Plain Engines and Horse-Powers.

Most Complete Thresher Factory! Established in the World.

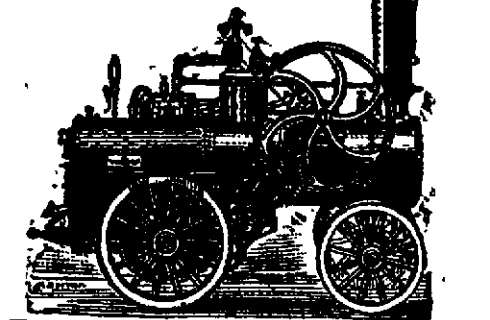
32 YEARS of experience and successful business, without change of name, management, or location, is "back up" the broad currency given to our goods.



STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS and Complete Systems of threshing machinery. Over 200 in the American market. A multitude of special features and improvements for 1891, together with superior qualities in construction and materials not dreamed of by other makers. Four sizes of separators, from 6 to 12 horse capacity, for steam or horse power. Two styles of "Mounted" Horse-Powers. Foot of Belting Lumber constantly on hand, from which is built the in-comparable wood-work of our machinery.

## TRACTION ENGINES

Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever made. 6, 10, 12 Horse Power.



Persons and Threshers are invited to investigate this machine Threshing Machinery. Circulars sent free. Address

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO. Battle Creek, Michigan.

## THE CONTRAST!

While other Baking Powders are largely ADULTERATED with ALUM and other harmful drugs,



has been kept UNCHANGED in all of its original purity and wholesomeness. The best evidence of ITS SAFETY, HEALTHFULNESS, PURITY, and EFFECTIVENESS, is THE FACT of its being used to-day, from North to South, from East to West, in the homes of the rich and poor, where it has been used for the last 16 years.

## A PURE FRUIT ACID BAKING POWDER.

NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

Made by STEELE & PRICE, Manufacturers of Leavening Yeast Germ, Special Flavoring Extracts, etc., Chicago and St. Louis.

46m6

## J.C. VAUGHAN SEEDSMAN CHICAGO

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## LUMBER.

Wholesale to Dealers.

C. S. Weaver & Co.

Madame Levison's Luxuria Restores and enlarges the female bust. The only warranted remedy in the market. Every lady is invited to send address for circular—sent free. Miller & Co., 170 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio. 33ms



# VENTRILLOQUISM.

Some of the Tricks Which Ventriloquists Have Played.

From an Interview with Prof. Dixon.

"Who were the greatest ventriloquists?" "Well, there was an old Athenian named Eurycles, who is spoken of in history as a master of the art. Then there was Prof. Alexandre and Louis Brabont of modern times. They were both Frenchmen. Brabont lived in the fourteenth century. I believe, and was said to be the best ventriloquist the world ever knew. Alexandre lived at an earlier period, and was noted more for his mimetic powers, than for his ventriloquial powers. Prof. Love, of England, was celebrated in the art, and was rivalled by Prof. Harrington, who died yesterday in Revere, Mass. Of these living to-day, Frederick McCabe and E. D. Davies are the greatest. Davies is now retired in Australia, and McCabe has recently signed a contract to go there the present season. Davies was the first ventriloquist to introduce figures as an assistant to the art in America.

McCabe was a great practical joker. Several years ago he was on board a Mississippi river steamboat, and forming an acquaintance with the engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine room. He took a seat in a corner, and pulling his hat down over his eyes, appeared to be lost in reverie. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to squeak. "The engineer oiled it and went about his usual duties. In the course of a few minutes the squeaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed over, oil can in hand, to lubricate the same spindle. Again he returned to his post, but it was only a few minutes until the same old spindle was squeaking louder than ever. 'Great Jupiter,' he yelled, 'the thing's bewitched.' More oil was administered, but the engineer began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the spindle began to squeak again, and slipping up behind McCabe, the engineer squirted a half-pint of oil down the joker's back. 'There,' said he, 'I guess that spindle won't squeak any more.' The joke was so good that McCabe could not keep it, and he often tells it with as much relish as his auditors receive it.

"At another time McCabe was confronted by a highwayman on one of the lonely streets of Cincinnati, as he was returning to his hotel from a moonlight picnic. The robber presented a cocked revolver at the ventriloquist's head, demanding his money or his life. McCabe's quick wit saved him. He threw his voice behind the robber, exclaiming: 'Hold, villain, you are my prisoner!' The frightened scamp turned his head, and McCabe dealt him a blow that felled him to the ground. He then secured the revolver and marched the scoundrel to a police station.

"Louis Brabont, the great French ventriloquist, was also a great joker. The story is told of him that he fell in love with a beautiful young novice who was soon to take the veil. The sentiment was returned, and Brabont arranged for an elopement. His innamorata succeeded in getting outside of the convent walls, and the two hurried away to the house of a neighboring priest. The holy man was awakened and requested to perform the marriage ceremony. His refusal was a thing to be expected, but Brabont was too cunning for the old man. When he said 'no' most emphatically, and was about to raise a commotion and have the novice returned to the cloister, a deep sepulchral voice was heard coming from the bowels of the earth. It said:

"I am thy father and am still in torment. Marry this couple to each other, and my probation in purgatory will be over."

"The frightened priest called upon all the saints to protect him, and proceeded to perform that ceremony with greater alacrity than he had ever done on a similar occasion."

"Do you ever play jokes?"

"Not often. I am not given to such sports as a general thing, but occasionally amuse myself at the expense of others. Last year I was traveling with a musical combination. One day while riding on the cars I threw my voice into a covered basket, and set up a furious barking like a dog. The lady beside whom the basket was sitting gave a scream and bounded out of the seat. Then I made a cat join in with the row, and a brakeman came running pell mell to quiet the disturbance. He jerked the lid of the basket, and found nothing but a lot of delicious peaches the lady was taking home. The crowd was considerably mystified. Then I set a bumble bee buzzing about the brakeman's ear and he retreated. A gentleman who was standing near heard a wolf growl so ferociously behind him that he jumped about two feet high. Then the lady was led to believe that a mouse's nest had found lodgment in her pocket, and the circus was complete. But I don't believe much in such capers, and generally forego the fun I might have if I felt disposed."

# HIS BIG TALK.

Address of a Big Indian Chief When Invited to take a Walk.

From the Laramie City Boomerang.

When the white father starts the music we walk to it. We have been asked to irrigate the country here and hoe corn like the white man. Our hearts are heavy, and we cannot promote the string bean. We will do what is right, but we cannot work. The Indian cannot hunt the potato bug when the deer and antelope are ripe. He cannot dig post-holes in the hot sun when the chance calls upon him to go forth into the forest. Here, where we have roamed through the tall grass and hunted the deer and buffalo, the paleface asks us to dig irrigation ditches and plough the green earth with a rebellious mule. Here, where our war cry has been answered back by the giant hills, we are told to whack bulls and join the church. They come to us and tell us to go to school and wear pants. They ask us to learn the language and go to congress. They send men to us who want us to learn to spell and wear suspenders. We cannot do this. We are used to the ways of our people. Our customs are as old as the universe. We scratch our backs against the mountain pine as my people did a thousand years ago. We cannot change. We can leave our land, but we cannot change our souls every spring and do as the white man does. We can go away from our homes and live in a strange land, but we cannot wear open-backed shirts and lead in prayer. Our warriors will go to the land our white father has given us. We will take our squaws and our yellow dogs, our wigwams and our fleas. We will go to our new home beyond the river now, and when the autumn comes we will take a bridal tour back to this country. We will construct a

holocaust, whatever that is, and spatter the intellectual faculties of the ranchers all over the country. This is all. I am done. I have made my remarks. I have twittared my twit."

# COMMENCEMENT DAYS.

Miss Alice's Account of Her Delightful Time at a College Commencement.

From the Springfield Republican.

"Oh! we had the most delightful time," said lively little Miss Alice, who had been with a family party to see her brother graduate, was now relating her adventures to the household at grandpa's where she had come for a summer visit.

"I never had such fun. We got there, Saturday night,—to the college town, you know,—and after supper at the hotel we went to the 'Kappa Alpha Phi' house near by and waited till the clock struck 12—and a few whirled after that, I do believe.

When I said at last that I never danced on Sunday before, brother Ralph said it was allowable at commencement time, and not worth speaking of. After we went away the boys sang college songs for two or three hours, and as our rooms were very near I did not actually get a wink of sleep until daylight. That made me late to church, of course, but it was just as well, for I heard so much before the week was over that my head is all in a jumble. I went to the ball games, the tennis matches, the prize-speaking, the promenade concert, the 'dramatics'—all the lectures, all the exercises class day and commencement day, to the president's reception and to two 'spreads.'"

"What is a spread?" interrupted Great-aunt Hepsida, looking puzzled, as her dainty niece paused for breath.

"Oh! a 'spread'! Don't you know?" and the pretty girl tucked a fresh bunch of daisies in her belt and smiled, retrospectively. "It is a full dress party at one of the elegant society houses, with a supper and a platform built expressly for dancing and a city band, and Chinese lanterns and garlands of flowers and everything just like fairy-land. And of course the girls, especially those who have brothers and consins, have introductions to all the students, and plenty of invitations to dance and plenty of opportunities to flirt if they are inclined that way," and Alice looked very like a young person who had had experiences that she might tell if she would.

"And who gives these fine parties, child?"

"Who? why, the students. They must entertain their friends from away, you know."

"Yes, but who pays for them? I should think they would cost a great deal of money."

"Oh, they do," said Alice, complacently. I heard brother Ralph tell father that the first one we went to cost the boys \$700."

"Seven hundred dollars!" gasped Great-aunt Hepsida. "That would nearly put one young man through college; pay all necessary expenses, I mean." And the dear old lady thought of the little sum in the bank that she was hoarding against the time that her grand-nephew, Josiah Alexander—named after his two grandfathers—was old enough to be enrolled as a student. He had been studying with the minister and was nearly fitted now for matriculation, and she wondered if these hardly-earned, carefully-saved dollars were to go for dances and spreads and light and music for the delight of such fairies as her pretty niece Alice.

"What did you call the house where you danced my dear?" she went on as soon as she could get her breath.

"Oh, the Kappa Alpha Phi," and Alice lingered upon the mystic syllables with a sort of delicious satisfaction. "It is a secret society house. There are several secret societies, some of the students belong to one, and some to another."

"And what are they for? What do the students do there?"

"Have a good time, get acquainted, play games and sing college songs."

"What are the college songs?" persisted the old lady, intent upon getting all the information possible against the time Josiah Alexander should be launched upon the freshman's world. "Are they songs that will be good for them to know when they are men, ministers and teachers, perhaps?"

The young girl laughed gleefully, and as soon as she could command her voice, said:—

"I heard a great many of them sung, as I said before, but I only remember one. That one awoke me from a tired sleep so many times and seemed to be such a favorite with the students that I could not forget it. The tune isn't much, but I think you will agree with me that the words are beautiful."

"Oh! sing it, please do," and the old lady dropped her knitting, crossed her hands and leaned forward in pleasant expectancy as the bright young girl, with suppressed laughter dimpling her cheeks, and dancing in her eyes sang:—

"I've lost my bow wow  
Where is my bow wow?  
Whose got my bow wow?  
Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow!"

The old lady's face was a study. The pleased expectancy faded out of it, giving way to a sort of surprised incredulity.

"My dear child!" she gasped, "you—don't—really—mean that those elegant, cultivated young gentlemen who have spent years in pursuit of a higher education sang such songs as that?"

"They did indeed, auntie," and thought the specimen I have just given you was the best of them all. Some of them sang neither tune nor words, but just kept the time and stamped and bow-wow'd right through. It did sound ridiculous, but one couldn't help laughing you know."

"Dear me said the old lady, settling back in her chair and allowing the gray kitten to chase her ball of yarn around the room and under the chairs that were standing decorously against the wall. "I always supposed that college songs were about Venus Apollo, and Prometheus, and all those old heathen gods and goddesses. It is a dreadful comedown, some how, to think of those splendid young fellows, raising their voices over such nonsense. Who makes them up to begin with I should be glad to know."

"Good men," ministers sometimes. I know they do auntie," at her aunt's glance of disbelief, "for I have one in my trunk written by an eminent clergyman; that is just a foolish riddle of a hodge-podge. They relax the mind, I suppose, after a much hard study and in that way good."

Aunt Hepsida arched her eyebrows, and said slowly, "In my day I was taught that a change of study was a relaxation. Did you see any of the students who looked as if hard study wore upon them?"

"I don't think I did," said Alice. "I heard it said there that pale, worn, cadaverous students were out of fashion, had had their day, I mean. These were a wonderfully

Brown, healthy, jolly, athletic set of fellows, with their muscles well developed by boating, base-ball and gymnastics. A good many of them looked tired the morning we came away; and for that matter, so did everybody, for there had hardly been a wink of sleep for a week, the students had kept up such a racket. The night after commencement not a student went to bed. The graduating class were supposed to be sleepless from sorrow, and the under-graduates were keeping their spirits up. I never in my life heard such howls and yells and noises. A minister's wife whose husband was a graduate, said to me at breakfast the next morning that, had it been a lot of Irish laborers they would have been put in the lockup. In the morning at day-break one of the secret societies, in dress-coats, silk hats and white gloves, went around and sang a morning greeting in front of the other society houses. It was very pretty, but it spoiled the only nap I fell into that night. I was out until after 12 o'clock, at a spread, to be sure."

"No wonder we thought you had been sick when you got here, said Aunt Hepsida. "I wondered what tired you so when you said there was nothing the matter but weariness. I am glad to find out about it, but I am very much surprised. I had heard that at the city colleges there were such outside expenses, but I had been led to suppose there were no such things at the country colleges. I believe I shall put that money I have been saving to pay Josiah Alexander's college expenses into a farm for him to fall back upon when he has worked his way through. I am not going to give him any temptation in the way of plenty of money to spend for fol-de-rol."

"Then he will quite likely get into debt and mortgage the farm the first thing when he falls back upon it, or run the risk of being unpopular with his fellows. A young fellow needs a good deal of stamina to go his own way the four years and keep clear of the societies. Then boys will be boys, and perhaps the innocent, rollicking fun keeps them from harmful excesses."

"How wisely you talk," said Aunt Hepsida, and Alice laughed and explained: "Oh, I have heard a great deal of talk about these very points, and even giddy girls think sometimes. Of course, I only tell what I saw and it was awfully jolly. I never saw so much full dress in the country, and never had such fun. But papa and uncle said the orations were remarkably good and showed good training, and they ought to know; but I heard other gentlemen say that a college course was the greatest farce that was being imposed upon the young men of this country at this day. They said, the young men fell into all sorts of reckless, irregular habits, that were a constant temptation to them in after life. There was a very brilliant lecturer there who set out the absurdities of the established course in most laughable terms, and said the average young man was not so well fitted for the battle of life at leaving college as he was upon entering; but his ideas were of course obnoxious to the faculty, although liked by many in the audience, who laughed in their sleeves."

"But, oh dear, I wonder when I shall get my sleep made up," and Alice curled down upon the broad lounge, the long golden lashes dropped over her bright eyes and the Great-aunt Hepsida unwound her yarn from the legs of the chairs, took the gray under her arm and softly closed the door after her, as she went out and sat down to a mental calculation as to how far her surplus funds would go toward a college course for Josiah Alexander, with secret societies and spreads thrown in at pleasure, even at discretion.

# WHY HIS HAIR TURNED WHITE.

An Experience in the Oil Region—Shooting at a Burning Tank with a Cannon—A Perilous Position.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.

BRADFORD, PA., July 23.—"How did my hair turn white? Well, sir, if you will sit down on that bull-wheel shaft while I turn off the gas at the boiler and slack the sand line in the derrick, I will tell you. I don't tell the story very often, but if Boyleston sent you here to see me I guess it's all right. I was originally a Bostonian, having been 'raised' at the Hub. When I left I had just been ground out of an educational mill and had the brand 'aesthetic' blown in each bottle. I thought of the oil country as a place where barbarians lived and where a good, smart man could make a fortune in three weeks. It is needless to say I was greatly fooled. I came to the oil country fresh as a daisy, and before living in it two weeks I came to the conclusion, none the less sure because it was forced, that I was more fit to drive or saw wood than I was to be an oil king. I knew how to handle horses, for my father kept a first-class carriage, and as I was strong and healthy there was no reason why I should go home a failure. I will not tell you of the struggles against pride I had, for you can doubtless appreciate my position. Suffice it to say that I am head driller on this well and that I am striking back at misfortune as vigorously as it bestowed sledge-hammer blows on me two or three years ago."

"There had been a heavy storm one night at about midnight, and, as usual, with the oil country residents, I arose and looked from the window to see if any tanks had been struck by lightning. A bright glare in the sky convinced me that a large tank effort was on fire a few miles distant, and I went back to sleep, determined to go to the fire at noon, and see the first overflow. You know that when a 25,000 barrel iron tank of oil has been on fire for twelve or fourteen hours the burning oil will boil up and flow over the sides just like a kettle of soap. At 2 o'clock the first grand overflow occurred. As I stood on the hillside, picking wild berries, I heard a man shout, 'She's coming,' and saw pipe-line men running away from the tank for their lives. I heard a rumbling sound inside the tank and didn't know what it meant, but a few seconds after I saw fully five hundred barrels of burning oil shoot up from the tank and boil over the sides. It was grand beyond description, and I stood and watched it in silence. The burning oil floated down a creek for a mile, burning a saw-mill, numerous oil wells and tanks, buildings, and everything within reach of its devastating breath. When the flow had partly subsided it was found that a second 25,000 barrel iron tank had been set on fire by the overflow of burning oil, being somewhat inquisitive I ventured down behind the burning tanks to get a better view from the lower side. While trying to avoid a pool of burning oil I fell into a mud hole or sort of quicksand and stuck fast. My utmost endeavors were of no avail in extricating myself from the hole. I yelled at the top of my voice, but so great was the roar of the burning tanks that my voice

sounded weak and far away. I struggled until exhausted, and then I lay back and rested. How beautiful the great pillar of black seemed in the clear blue sky. Great billows of smoke would go surging upwards hundreds of feet and float away into space, their somber hues turned to snowy whiteness. I thought the boys would miss and search for me. Suddenly I heard the sound of a cannon and saw a column of flame and smoke shoot up from one of the tanks. The truth came upon me like a bolt of lightning, and I was almost stricken senseless by the thought. The United Pipeline men were firing cannon-balls through the first tank to draw off the oil and prevent a second overflow. Great God! what a conviction came before me! The burning oil would flow down upon me! It was a matter of seconds I tried to shout, but the words could not come. With the strength of despair I struggled to get free. The quicksand held me with the grip of ten thousand devils. All at once I saw a little stream of burning oil running slowly down towards me. My time had come I thought, and I must be burned to death by inches. The earth was dear to me then—dearer than ever before—and I turned to get a look at the sunlight and the bright world once more. The horror and fear passed away, and I was ready to die. The stream of burning oil, now grown larger, was almost upon me, but I did not seem to care. I saw it as in a dream. The earth and all things earthly faded away and all was dark. When I came back to consciousness I was lying in my own room, with my friends around me. The boys said that in following the supposed course of the overflowed oil they came upon and rescued me just as the burning oil was about to dash upon me. I was sick a long while, and when I got well I found my hair white as you see it now."

# THE FORTY MILE DESERT.

Historic Ground in Nevada With More Bones Than a Battlefield.

From the Reno Gazette.

Twenty years ago the great American Desert was the terror of the overland emigrant. It was written up in a sensation way in eastern papers and in letters to friends. It was impossible to go around it, for it extended from the Colorado to the Cascades. All the routes that led to the land of promise crossed it, and it was soon covered with the bleaching bones of the stock and dotted with human graves. Numerous disastrous attempts to cross further south demonstrated that the most feasible road was the one that lies close to where the overland railroad now runs. It is nearly forty miles from the lower end of the Humboldt Sink to the Truckee river at Wadsworth, and the name "Forty Mile Desert," given to the stretch, has become known the world over. There is no water on the whole distance fit to drink, and it is a very hard day's drive for cattle or a heavily loaded team. A great many cattle were lost unnecessarily in the first rush to California, by people who got nervous and did not know how to manage. They frequently lay a day or two at the Humboldt, and started out to cross the desert in the night. They then had to keep going all the next day in the hot sun, and took the worst of the road when the animals were in the poorest condition. Large bands of cattle are frequently driven now, and losses are very rare. They start out in the morning and drive leisurely during the heat of the day, stopping for a good rest at noon and in the evening, when the night comes on, they are pressed forward, and get in next morning. The road lies through a sandy sagebrush plain, extending several miles west of the lake, where it strikes an alkali desert, in the center of which the railroad has a station that it appropriately calls White Plains. This is the lowest point east of the mountains. Eight miles further is Mirage Station, which might serve as a memorial to the unfortunates who have been betrayed from his proper course by the picture of running water, waving trees and fields, that existed only in the deceptive air. Near the middle of the journey is a boiling hot spring at the foot of the mountain, and large beds of salt lie near, from which B. F. Leete and the Bonanza mines put up and ship large quantities to market. The deposit has killed all vegetation for a long distance around, leaving the flat old lake bed as bare as a floor. Between there and Wadsworth are some odd formations. The body of the country seems to be a light yellow substance, probably diatomous, over which lie high ridges of brown hills. The level places are strewn with heavy rocks of all sizes, as black as coal. There is no timber anywhere in sight, and even the sage brush is of inferior size. On either side are the monotonous brown mountains, carved and grooved by centuries of wear and frost into fringes of stony lace. The railroads have made frequent attempts to get water for its engines, but without success. They bored 1,300 feet at Hot Springs, but got only a brackish mixture of liquid alkali. They haul water in tank cars for their section men between Lovelock's and Wadsworth, and the engines make the run with one tankful—a distance of sixty-one miles. They formerly carried an extra car behind the engine, with two wooden tanks to draw from, but now engines have been built with tanks that hold 700 gallons. They frequently run seventy-five miles without stopping, and Nick Cole made a hundred mile run once. It is a very pleasant comparison for the rich 49er who rides in the palace car over the ground where he walked along with sore and tired feet, urging his oxen out of the thirsty desert, nearly half a lifetime ago."

# Strength of Wines.

From Chamber's Journal.

The amount of alcohol present varies greatly in the several liquors of which it forms the intoxicating ingredients, rum containing about 75 per cent.; whisky and brandy averaging about 50; port-wine, 20; sherry, 15 to 24; Madeira, 19; claret, 10; champagne, 14; cider, 6; ales and porter, from 9 to 12; and abstainers will probably be surprised to learn that all fermented drinks contain alcohol, ginger beer, &c., usually containing from 1 to 3 per cent. of it. Indeed, total abstinence from alcohol would seem almost an impossibility, for even milk contains small quantities of it; and in bread-making, it is produced in considerable quantity by the action of the yeast upon the sugar in the flour; the aggregate amount of spirit thus produced in London being some 300,000 gallons annually. Some chemists go the length of asserting that even water itself is not entirely free from it!

# How Easy it is to Die.

"If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die," were the last words of the celebrated surgeon, Wm. Hunter; and Louis XIV. is recorded as saying, with his last breath, "I thought dying had been more difficult."

That the painlessness of death is owing to some benumbing influence acting on the sensory nerves may be inferred from the fact that untoward external surroundings rarely trouble the dying.

On the day that Lord Collingwood breathed his last the Mediterranean was tumultuous; those elements which had been the scene of his past glories rose and fell in swelling undulations and seemed as if rocking him to sleep. Capt. Thomas ventured to ask if he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas," he answered, "I am now in a state that nothing can disturb me more—I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you and all that love me to see how comfortably I am coming to my end. In the *Quarterly Review* there is related an instance of a criminal who escaped death from hanging by the breaking of the rope. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to examine him, who reported that after a moment's suffering the man saw an appearance like fire, across which appears a most beautiful avenue of trees. When a pardon was mentioned the prisoner coolly replied that it was not worth asking for. Those who have been near death from drowning, and afterwards restored to consciousness, assert that the dying suffer but little pain.

Capt. Mayratt states that his sensations at one time when nearly drowned were rather pleasant than otherwise. The first struggle for life once over, the water closing around me assumed the appearance of waving green fields. \* \* \* It is not a feeling of pain, but seems like sinking down, overpowered by sleep, in the long, soft grass of the cool meadow."

Now, this is precisely the condition represented in death from disease. Insensibility comes on, the mind loses consciousness of external objects, and death rapidly and placidly ensues from asphyxia.

# How Princesses Dress.

From Olive Logan's London Letter.

I have seen them at the opera, with their parents, when, on one occasion, the little one getting sleepy, her mother took her upon her lap and let her sleep on her knees all the evening; I have seen them at charitable ceremonies which were attended by much pomp and circumstance; I have seen them riding, driving, walking, boating, and on none of these occasions, I venture to say, did the wearing apparel of each one of the little girls exceed in cost a \$10 bill. A simple white muslin frock, unadorned by any lace, unrelieved by silk slip or extensive sash, formed the opera costume; the winter and boating dresses are of serge; the summer dresses of washing prints. And all are made in the simplest style—no gofferings, puckerings, flounces; no bias bands, no knife-platings. No feathers in the hats; no furbelows anywhere. Would that the "Mrs. Lofties" of America, those vulgar and tasteless creatures who at the present time at the watering-places all over the country are making the bodies of their children a mere means of parading their power to spend money, and who are ruining the moral health of their offspring by inculcating in these impressionable young breasts a mad passion for personal adornment—would that these silly and reprehensible mothers, I say, could be here to see the pattern set in this manner by the Princess of Wales. The example is followed, as all examples are when coming from the fountain-head of social eminence, and the result is seen in the admirable dressing of our young English people, universally extolled in every community of taste.

# Clerical Oratory.

From the August Atlantic.

Why do not our preachers study oratory? As preachers, not pastors, their business is to work a certain effect, and all helps to its production it should be a part of their education to learn. I presume I shall not be misunderstood to mean the effect of displaying self, and winning admiration for personal gifts. What the true preacher seeks to do is to inform the intellect with Christian truth; to stir the heart, and thereby influence the will, of his hearers. Half the sermons annually preached are, so far as humane insight goes, a waste of labor and breath. Two things partly account for this; one is that a majority of the men set to preach are out of their real vocation,—good pastors they may be, but fit preachers they are not; another is that those with more aptitude for preaching do not yet understand the means to be employed to attain their object.

Sometimes the preacher has some conception of the needs of human nature, and knows that the truest truths fail to move when put before men in a dull, dry way; perhaps he does his best to acquire a good style, and succeeds in making an ably-written discourse. But when he comes into his pulpit to give it to his people, where is the impression it should produce? What becomes of his choice words, his considered sentences? There they lie upon the page he holds; he proceeds to read them. Why do they fail of any result? It is for want of delivery, of the oratorical art of making mere words "tell." His faithful effort goes for little; he seems to his hearers to be reading something to them, as he is,—not to be speaking to them from the heart.

# No More "Exhorters."

From the New York Methodist.

"The 'Exhorter' of the Methodist Episcopal church is said to be rapidly becoming extinct. The disappearance of this order of men is not owing to the want of a field in which they may operate—for the field was never broader, nor more in need of such a service than at this time—but to the decadence of deep and clear convictions for sin among professed Christians and the sense of a fearful danger incurred by living without repentance and faith. With sin reduced to a misfortune, and with hell a myth, the occupation of the Exhorter is gone."

Mrs. Julia Ann Estep, of Forestville, Va., now in her ninety-first year, is at the head of one of the largest families on the continent. She is the mother of twelve children—nine sons and three daughters; the grandmother of eighty-six children, the great-grandmother of 146 children, and the great-great-grandmother of ten children—254 souls in all. One son has only one child, and another only two children, so that the other ten children of Mrs. Estep have, eighty-three sons and daughters—an average of more than eight each.



## BISMARCK BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

## DRY GOODS.

**DAN EISENBERG,**  
Dry Goods and Notions,  
No. 45 Main street.

**W. B. WATSON,**  
Dry Goods and Notions,  
No. 80 Main street.

## GROCERIES.

**W. H. THURSTON & CO.,**  
Wholesale Grocers,  
No. 78 Main street.

**J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,**  
Wholesale Grocers,  
No. 47 Main street.

**AUSTIN LOGAN,**  
Groceries and Bakery,  
No. 20 North Third street.

**JOHN YEGEN,**  
Groceries and Bakery,  
No. 9 Main street.

**M. P. SLATTERY,**  
General Groceries,  
No. 24 North Third street.

**JOSEPH THEFAULT,**  
Family Groceries,  
No. 17 North Fifth street.

## CLOTHING.

**SIG HANAUER,**  
Clothing and Gents' Furnishings,  
No. 46 Main street.

**M. EPPINGER,**  
Clothing and Furnishings,  
No. 72 Main street.

**JOHN LUDEWIG,**  
Clothing and Furnishings,  
No. 82 Main street.

## JEWELERS.

**E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.,**  
No. 38 Main street.

**H. H. DAY,**  
No. 32 Main street.

## LUMBER.

**C. S. WEAVER & CO.,**  
Wholesale Lumber Dealers,  
No. 14 South Third street.

**N. DUNKLEBERG,**  
Lumber Dealer,  
Cor. Front and Third streets.

**JOHN P. HOAGLAND,**  
Wholesale Lumber,  
Cor. Sixth and Main streets.

## HARDWARE.

**D. I. BAILEY & CO.,**  
General Hardware,  
No. 84 Main street.

**GEORGE PEOPLES,**  
General Hardware,  
No. 48 Main street.

**O. H. BEAL,**  
Hardware and Gunsmith,  
No. 36 Main street.

## DRUGGISTS.

**W. M. A. HOLLENBACK,**  
Drugs and Medicines,  
No. 92 Main street.

**J. P. DUNN & CO.,**  
Drugs and Medicines,  
No. 92 Main street.

**PETERSON, VEEDER & CO.,**  
Drugs and Medicines,  
No. 32 Main street.

## CROCKERY.

**JOHN WHALEN,**  
Crockery and Glassware,  
No. 44 Main street.

## MARKETS.

**JUSTUS BRAGG,**  
Montana Market,  
No. 26 Main street.

**T. W. GRIFFIN,**  
General Market,  
No. 72 Main street.

## REAL ESTATE.

**JAS. A. EMMONS,**  
Real Estate Agent,  
No. 68 Main street.

**W. M. S. BENNETT,**  
Real Estate Agent,  
No. 94 Main street.

**F. LANNERY & WETHERLY,**  
Real Estate Agents,  
No. 47 Main street.

## HOTELS.

**SHERIDAN HOUSE,**  
E. H. Bis, Proprietor,  
Main street, between Fourth and Fifth.

**MERCHANTS HOTEL,**  
Marsh & Wakeman, Proprietors,  
No. 50 Main street.

**WESTERN HOTEL,**  
J. C. Malloy, Proprietor,  
No. 96 Main street.

**CUSTER HOTEL,**  
Thos. McGowan, Proprietor,  
No. 13 North Fifth street.

**PACIFIC HOTEL,**  
Louis Peterson, Proprietor,  
No. 41 North Fourth street.

**METROPOLITAN HOTEL,**  
Leo & Atkinson, Proprietors,  
No. 14 Second street.

**RIVER HOTEL,**  
Wm. Eades, Proprietor,  
Steamboat Landing.

## CONFECTIONERY.

**HARRY BARRETT,**  
36½ Main street.

**W. H. STIMPSON,**  
No. 64 Main street.

**WALTER STERLAND,**  
68½ Main street.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**BISMARCK OPERA HOUSE,**  
Sam. Whitner, Proprietor,  
No. 60 Main street.

**DELPHIA VARIETIES,**  
R. J. Trux, Proprietor,  
No. 16 North Fourth street.

**ARCADE GARDEN,**  
Den Howe & Co., Proprietors,  
No. 102 Main street.

## STEAMBOAT LINES.

**COULSON LINE,**  
D. W. Maratta, Superintendent,  
No. 12 South Fourth street.

**NORTHWEST TRANSPORTATION CO.,**  
J. C. O'Connor, Agent,  
No. 9 North Fourth street.

**BENTON P. LINE,**  
L. P. Baker, Agent,  
No. 71 Main street.

**YELLOWSTONE LINE,**  
Joseph Leighton, Manager,  
St. Paul.

## BANKS.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK,**  
No. 58 Main street.

**BANK OF BISMARCK,**  
No. 47 Main street.

## FURNITURE.

**J. C. CADY,**  
No. 19 North Third street.

**LAMBERT & LAVINE,**  
No. 41 Main street.

## TAILORS.

**T. J. TULLY,**  
No. 28 Main street.

**GOULD & DAHL,**  
No. 30½ Main street.

## SAMPLE ROOMS.

**ASA FISHER,**  
Wholesale Liquors,  
No. 94 Main street.

**LOUIS WESTHAUSER,**  
No. 22 Main street.

**W. M. BERKLEMAN & CO.,**  
No. 28½ Main street.

**QUINLAN & HALLORAN,**  
No. 56 Main street.

**C. R. WILLIAMS,**  
No. 52 Main street.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**BAKER & GOODING,**  
City Bottling Works,  
Front street, between Fourth and Fifth.

**J. H. MARSHALL,**  
Boots and Shoes,  
No. 46 Main street.

**A. W. DRIGGS,**  
Painter,  
No. 6 West Main street.

**GEO. C. GIBBS & CO.,**  
Blacksmithing,  
Corner Third and Thayer streets.

**RACEK BROS.,**  
Harness Makers,  
46½ Main street.

**F. J. CALL,**  
Insurance Agent,  
No. 14 South Third street.

**GEO. LOUNSBERRY,**  
News Stand,  
Postoffice.

**CONN MALLOY,**  
Livery Stable,  
No. 17 North Fourth street.

**MANDAN BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**

**CARPENTER & CARY,**  
Law and Real Estate.

**WALTER DRAPER,**  
Hardware.

**FRANK FARNSWORTH,**  
Dry Goods.

**WARD & BAELH,**  
Dry Goods.

**MEAD & CARR,**  
Real Estate Agents.

**F. M. FRENCH,**  
Lumber Dealer.

**HAGER BROS.,**  
Lumber Dealers.

**B. L. WINSTON & CO.,**  
Druggists.

**M. LANG,**  
Groceries.

**L. GILL,**  
Wines and Liquors.

**H. MOBRATNEY,**  
Sample Room.

**E. H. MURRAY,**  
Sign and Carriage Painter.

**T. J. MITCHELL,**  
Real Estate Agent.

## ST. PAUL BUSINESS CARDS.

**CRAIG & LARKIN—Importers and dealers in**  
Crockery, French China, Glassware, Lamps,  
Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods.  
Third street, St. Paul.

**PERKINS & LYONS—Importers and dealers in**  
Fine Wines and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Rye  
Whiskies, California Wines and Brandies, Scotch  
Ales, Dublin and London Porters.  
No. 31 Robert street, St. Paul.

## MINNEAPOLIS CARDS.

**MERCHANTS HOTEL—Corner of Third street**  
and First avenue North. \$2 per day, located  
in the very center of business, two blocks from  
the post office and suspension bridge. Street cars to all  
depots and all parts of the city pass within one  
block of the house.  
J. LAMONT, Prop.

**JOHN C. OSWALD,**  
Wholesale Dealer in

**Wines, Liquors and Cigars.**

17 Washington Ave., MINN.

## LIVERY STABLE.

**OSTLAND'S**  
**Livery & Feed Stable,**  
Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

Buggies and Saddle-Horses for hire by the day or  
hour at reasonable rates.

My Buggies and Harness are new, and of the  
best manufacture and style, and our stock good.  
Parties wishing teams for any given point can be  
accommodated at fair rates.

My stable is large and airy, and accommodations  
for boarding stock the best in the country.

## CLOTHING.

**MATHES, GOOD & SCHURMEIER,**  
THE LARGEST

**TAILORING**

ESTABLISHMENT

In the Northwest.

Importers and Jobbers of

**Fine Woolens & Trimmings,**  
82 Jackson St.  
St. Paul, Minn.

## Personalities.

The German papers say the Count Von  
Moltke gets but three hours' sleep per night.  
Mrs. Von Moltke must have the greatest  
case of cold feet on record.

Oscar Wilde's address to Sarah Bern-  
hardt is not so bad:

"Ah! surely once some urn of Attic clay  
Held thy wan dust, and thou hast come again  
Back to this common world so dull and vain  
For thou wert weary of the sunless day,  
The heavy fields of scentless asphodel,  
The loveless lips with which men kiss in hell."

The morning attire introduced from Rus-  
sia by the Princess of Wales fits like a glove  
to the person, producing the effect when  
worn of a jet cuirass, and its glittering  
blackness is extremely becoming to both  
figure and complexion. It costs about £50.

The late John Norton Pomeroy, of  
Burlington, Vt., has left legacies of \$20,-  
000 for the endowment of a professorship  
of chemistry in the University of Vermont;  
\$2,000 to the Home for Destitute Children;  
and \$1,000 to the Unitarian church.

Mr. Pomeroy's direct bequests amount to \$50,-  
000, and the Home for Destitute Children  
and the trustees of the Elmwood Avenue  
cemetery in Burlington are among the  
residuary legatees.

Lord Odo Russell is quoted as telling an  
amusing story concerning his kinsman, the  
late Earl. When Queen Victoria wished to  
confer the Order of Garter on Lord John,  
the old gentleman took up his pen, and, while  
"humbly and dutifully" thanking  
her majesty, remarked: "I cannot, how-  
ever, accept your majesty's gracious offer,  
unless my brother (the late Duke of Bedford)  
will pay the herald's fees, for I really have  
not the money." It is added that the duke  
got such a hint from royalty forthwith  
that he paid the £1,200 immediately, though  
he had not the reputation of liking to part  
with his money, and that Lord John got the  
Garter directly.

The East Indian Prince of Gondal is  
about to marry, possibly ere this has  
married, for the precise date of this event  
is not named in the report, seven maiden  
daughters of men who are in high favor at  
his court. Seven days will be consumed  
in the several ceremonies, and each bride  
of the preceding day will be present at the  
wedding festival of her rival. Each bride  
receives the same presents in jewelry and  
dresses, and has her apartments arranged  
like those of her companions. None of the  
seven has yet completed her fifteenth year.

It appears that the sudden death of the  
late Alfred D. Jessup, the wealthy paper  
manufacturer of Philadelphia and West-  
field, was largely the result of the shooting  
of President Garfield. He was in London,  
and had arranged to go to Great Malvern  
for a short visit. Just before getting into  
his carriage to drive to the depot he heard  
of the attempt on the president's life. Sup-  
posing the shot to be fatal, Mr. Jessup was  
greatly distressed, and no sooner had he  
alighted from his carriage than with a cry  
he staggered and fell. He died in fifteen  
minutes, without speaking a word.

General Grant wrote a letter declining an  
invitation to attend the reunion of the  
Palmer family at Stonington, Conn., on  
August 10 and 11, in which he said: "It  
would afford me pleasure to be present on  
that occasion; but I have been running  
about so much for the last four years, with  
nothing else to do, that now, when I have  
employment for my time, I feel loth to ac-  
cept invitations that take me away from it."

Rear Admiral Howell, who is in com-  
mand of the United States steamer Tren-  
ton, the flagship of the European station,  
in view of the fact that he was asked to  
surrender his cabin to the French visitors  
and government guests invited to attend  
the Yorktown celebration, has requested  
permission to leave and been authorized  
by the secretary of the navy to return to  
the United States in any steamer he may  
prefer.

## Witty Waifs.

London Fun: Pastor—Yes, Mrs. Brown.  
Taking into consideration the fact that the  
Smiths hardly ever pay their pew rents, it  
is strangely bad taste on their part to sing  
so loudly and throw such unctious into  
their prayers. Mrs. Brown—Quite too ter-  
ribly shocking.

"Plaze, mam, wud ye oblige a poor lye  
wid a light? Sure, ye've only got to give  
one glance of yer purty eye at me pipe,  
and it'll shine like the stars." He got the  
light and a good dinner besides. Moral  
always speak the truth in the presence of  
the fair sex.

A lady of an uncertain age refused re-  
cently to see our national game, because  
she had already seen too many base men.  
A summer boarder pathetically remarks  
that as many crimes are done in the  
name of steak as of liberty. The entrance  
to a hotel should undoubtedly be  
made over a stoup of wine.

A Boston man took occasion to remark to  
his wife: "My dear, the Infinite is always  
silent. 'Tis the Finite only that speaks."  
She came from Cape Cod, and was accom-  
panying a dull woman, who didn't take hints,  
but she never forgot the remark, and long  
afterward when some friends expressed a  
wish to visit the Deaf and Dumb Asylum,  
she turned to her husband and asked:  
"What days, my love, is the asylum of the  
infinite open for the reception of visitors?"

At Santa Cruz, Cal., recently, Miss  
Blanche Masdonnette, a little blonde of  
nineteen, saved the life of a prominent  
military man who had been stunned by a  
breaker and was helplessly drifting out,  
face downward, on the receding wave. With  
extraordinary courage the little lady swam  
to his relief, turned him on his back and  
guided him to the safety rope, where he  
was enabled to regain his senses. It is  
said that the young woman is fixing up her  
trousseau.

\$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions  
for conducting the most profitable business  
that anyone can engage in. The business is so  
easy to learn, and our instructions are so  
simple and plain, that any one can make  
money. There is no one else who is willing  
to work. Women are as successful as men.  
Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have  
made as much as one hundred dollars in a single  
week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who  
engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with  
which they are able to make money. You can engage  
in this business during your spare time at great profit.  
We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need.  
You do not have to invest money should write to  
us at once. All furnished free. Address: Taux &  
Co., Augusta, Maine.

Help Yourself by making money when a  
golden chance is offered, thereby al-  
ways keeping poverty from your door.  
Those who always take advantage  
of the good chances for making money  
that are offered, generally become wealthy, while  
those who do not improve such chances remain in  
poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls  
to work for us right in their own localities. The busi-  
ness will pay more than ten times ordinary wages.  
We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need.  
No one who engages fails to make money very  
rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work,  
or only your spare moments. Full information and  
all that is needed, sent free. Address: Taux & Co.,  
Portland, Maine.

## WHAT HE MEANT.

A man who on the sidewalk fell  
From having a collision,  
Commenced to swear and say,  
Forgetting the revision.

But when he heard a well-bred screech  
From lips of passing ladies;  
He modified his opening speech  
By adding, "I meant Hades."

## BELLA'S GLOVE.

From the Argonaut.

"Well, girls, what shall we do to day?"  
It was on the broad piazza of the Baden-  
Baden Springs, one of the summer hotel-  
piazas in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Not a man  
to be seen—the long piazza was a vista  
of skirts. At one end sat the matrons, either  
doing some one of those numberless things  
called "fancy-work," or else detailing their  
household troubles. At the other end sat  
the young ladies, some with novels in their  
laps, some idle. They were gazing listlessly  
across the garden to the deused croquet  
grounds.

No one said, "Let's play croquet." No,  
indeed; there had been a pitched battle on  
the croquet ground the day before. Miss  
Helen Winn had remarked that she named  
no names, but when a person was wired  
she did not think it fair for her to move  
her ball when the others were not looking.

Upon this Miss Tillie Robertson had burst  
into tears, and said that Miss Winn was a  
"hateful thing." Miss Carrie Bunner,  
partner of the tears, immediately laid down  
her mallet with great dignity, and ostenta-  
tiously escorted Miss Robertson from the  
ground, saying, "There now, Tillie,  
Never mind them," etc., all of which was  
inexpressibly goading; to the other side.

By way of showing the two sceders how  
necessary they were, two other ladies took  
their places, and the game for a while was  
conducted in the smoothest manner, and  
the conversation in sugared tones. From  
the fact, however, that they came home in  
four different directions, it is supposed  
that something went wrong. John, whose  
duty it was to put away the mallets and  
balls after ladies used the ground, related  
on the return to the kitchen that he "found  
them there mallets scattered all over crea-  
tion, just where them gals flung 'em when  
the game bust up."

No, although they had all "made up"  
since, the influences upon the whole were  
not favorable to that game which stirs the  
feminine soul so deeply. By the way,  
was the woman ever born who will not  
cheat at croquet if she get a good chance?

"Well, girls, what shall we do to-day?" It  
was Bella Chester who spoke.

Now Bella had not been mixed up in the  
quarrel of the day before. If there was one  
thing she did not care for, it was croquet  
without gentlemen. It is unnecessary,  
then, to tell you, that she was coquet-  
tish. But she was pretty, too, was Bella—  
bewilderingly pretty. And yet she was not  
so pretty that other women did not like  
her, for they did. There are two kinds of  
pretty women.

"Let's go up to the spring," said Helen  
Winn, "and watch them bottling the wa-  
ters."

"Pshaw!" said Bella, "there's only an  
old man and a boy there. 'Girls,' she  
went on, 'I have an idea. How far is it to  
Santa Maria College?'"

"About six miles," said Helen.

"Then I'll tell you what let's do.  
We'll have the rockaway team hitched up,  
and get John to drive us over there. It's  
vacation time now and the students have  
gone. We'll have the monks show us all  
over the buildings, the old mission church  
and everything."

"They're not monks," said Carrie Bunner,  
with an air of wisdom (Miss Bunner was a  
Catholic); "they're fathers."

"Well, I'd like to know the difference,"  
said Miss Bella, briskly.

"I don't know," said Miss Carrie,  
weakening; "but you must call them 'fath-  
ers' anyway."

"I'll call them anything they like," said  
Miss Bella. "But come, girls—let's go and  
get ready."

In fifteen minutes five of the girls were  
all ready. They had simply put on im-  
mense straw hats and very ugly dusters.  
Their gloves were veterans; their shoes  
substantial, but not beautiful. In short  
they were attired as sensible girls should  
be for a ride over a California road in sum-  
mer.

But the minutes passed and Bella did  
not come. John chewed tobacco, and  
soothed his impatient horses as they flick-  
ed the flies off their backs and pawed the  
ground. John was never impatient. A  
sweet and tender restfulness filled his soul  
when he was waiting for ladies. He had  
driven around watering places many years,  
had John.

At last she came. A simultaneous cry  
arose:

"Why, what has kept you so long?"  
Suddenly Helen exclaimed:

"Well, I declare! If that girl hasn't gone  
and changed her dress!"

"Yes, and fixed her hair!"

"And put on a pair of clean gloves!"

"And changed her boots!"

It was all true. Miss Bella had endeavor-  
ed to shroud these treasons in her duster  
and hat, but it was useless. She was in-  
deed a pretty sight as she stood there, with  
one dainty foot upon the step. Even John  
was moved. He reflectively spat on the  
high side, and made room for her to sit by  
him. Miss Bella sprang into the seat.  
John was better than nothing; and as they  
spun along the road she laughed at his well-  
worn stories, admired his skill as a driver,  
and when he turned to look at her would  
drop her eyes. And John? Well he chewed  
tobacco. 'Tis wonderfully soothing, in  
any form, is the maligned weed.

At last the little town was reached, and  
John dashed up in style to the college  
gates. The ladies descended, crossed the  
wide and dreary looking campus, and ap-  
plied for permission to see the old mission  
church and college buildings. It was grant-  
ed them, and an olive-skinned Italian priest  
was detailed to show them over the place.

He was gentle and courteous in manner,  
handsome in face, and there was a certain  
dignity about him which impressed even  
giddy Bella at first. But not for long.

They passed into the old mission church,  
with its quaint statues and curious paint-  
ings. That peculiar realism which seems  
to impress the Latin mind only revolted  
them, and the image of the Saviour upon  
the cross, the blood trickling from the  
crown of thorns and from the wound in his  
side, only made them run away in disgust.

The strange frescoing over the altar, too,  
did not impress them; they laughed at the  
four-and-twenty elders sitting around the  
Great White Throne, with "Sancto, Sancto,  
Sancto," coming from their mouths, while

the monkish artist's attempt to represent  
the Deity shocked them. Then they went  
into the college, and saw the laboratory,  
and philosophical apparatus, with its  
strange electrical machines, globes, and what  
not. From there to the library, where Father  
Augustine showed them the quaint old  
books from which dead and gone monks  
had chanted vespers and matin song. Huge  
volumes were they, of parchment leaf and  
leather cover, with giant clasp and hinge;  
odd-looking notes in red and black, squally  
and square (for they were Gregorian),  
climbed over by curious staff-lines. The  
girls tried to make out the words, but the  
lettering was strange to them and had it  
not been so the language would have been  
so Father Augustine read out some of the  
lines, the Latin sounding less harsh in the  
mellow Italian way than they had thought.  
And then they looked at the shelves, where  
imposing tomes held between their covers  
the writings of the early fathers of the church  
—those early fathers who were so early that  
they had to father all later creeds. Many were  
the strange characters, many the tongues,  
in which these books were written.

"And can you read all those dreadful lan-  
guages, Father?" asked Miss Bella.

"No, not all," he replied, "but many; and  
Brother Anselm, who is the librarian, can  
read them all."

"Can he read that, Father?" said Carrie  
Bunner, with wide-open eyes, turning over  
a curious looking volume.

"Yes, my daughter," said the monk,  
smiling, "that is only Hebrew. Even I can  
read that."

The library exhausted, Father Augustine  
asked them if they would like to ascend to  
the observatory, where there was a fine  
view of the surrounding valley. Miss Bella  
was the first to speak:

"Oh, girls," said she, "I'm tired. I don't  
think I care to go. But since the father  
has been so kind, some of you go."

But the other girls were tired, too. And  
so Miss Bella, with an appearance of great  
self-abnegation, declared that she would  
go, although Father Augustine politely pro-  
tested that the climb was fatiguing, and, if  
tired she should not attempt it. But op-  
position only made her more determined,  
so they went together.

"Oh, what a lovely view!" cried Miss  
Bella, as they gazed over the fertile valley.

"Oh, father, I'm ever so much obliged to  
you for inducing me to come."

"It is indeed well worth the trouble," re-  
plied the priest.

"Father," said Miss Bella, fixing her  
brown eyes upon him, "what is the reason  
that you say 'my daughter' to Miss Bunner,



